



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER



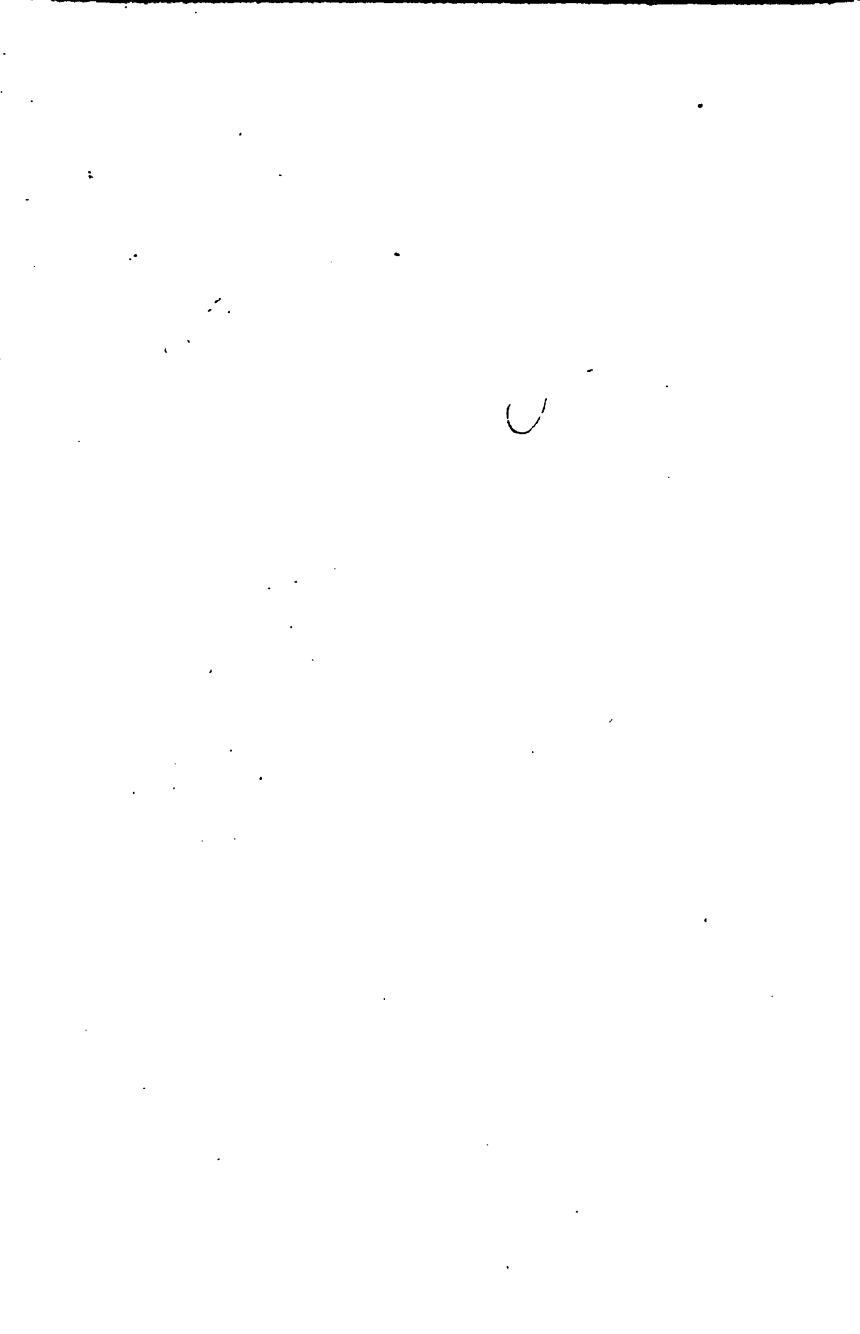
HN ZVQF I

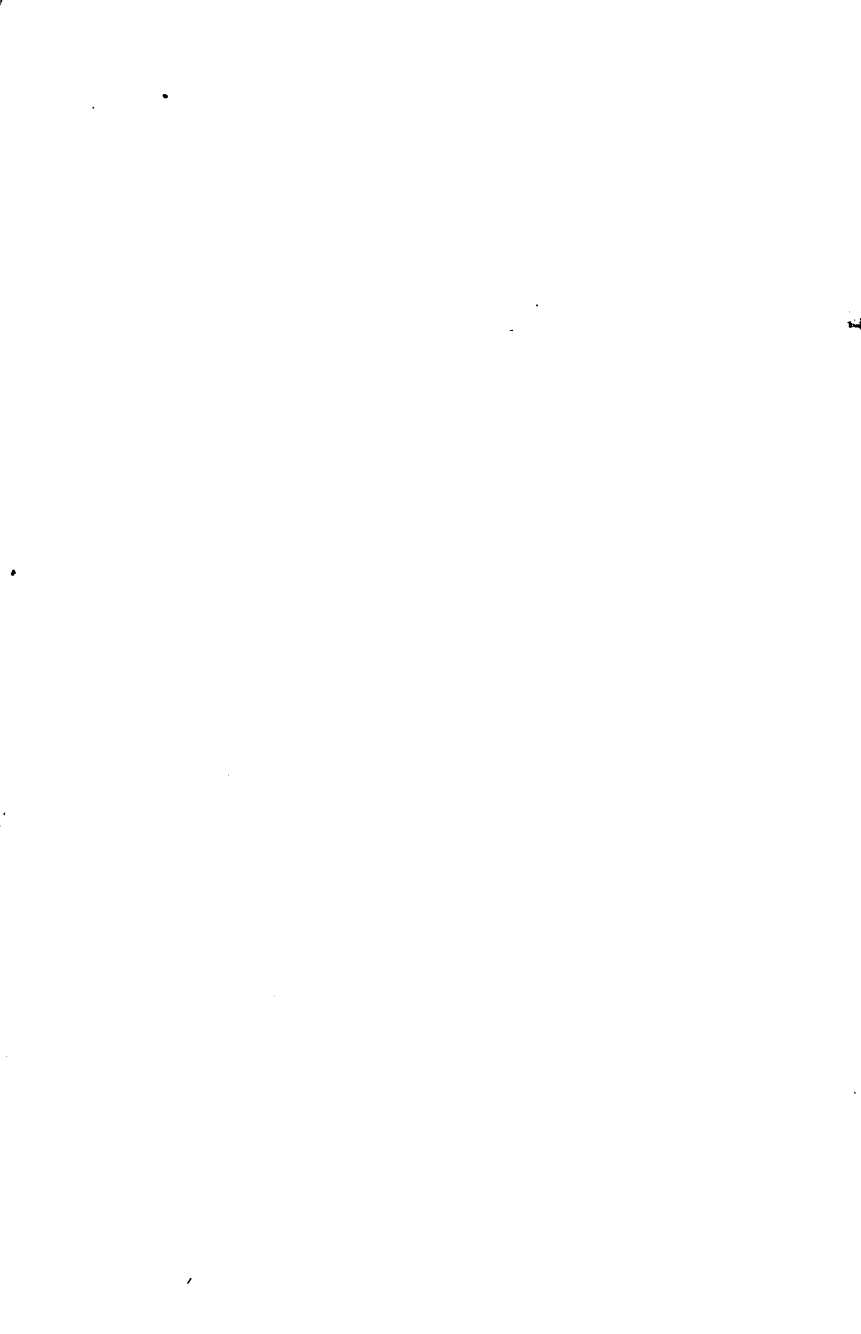
11426.55

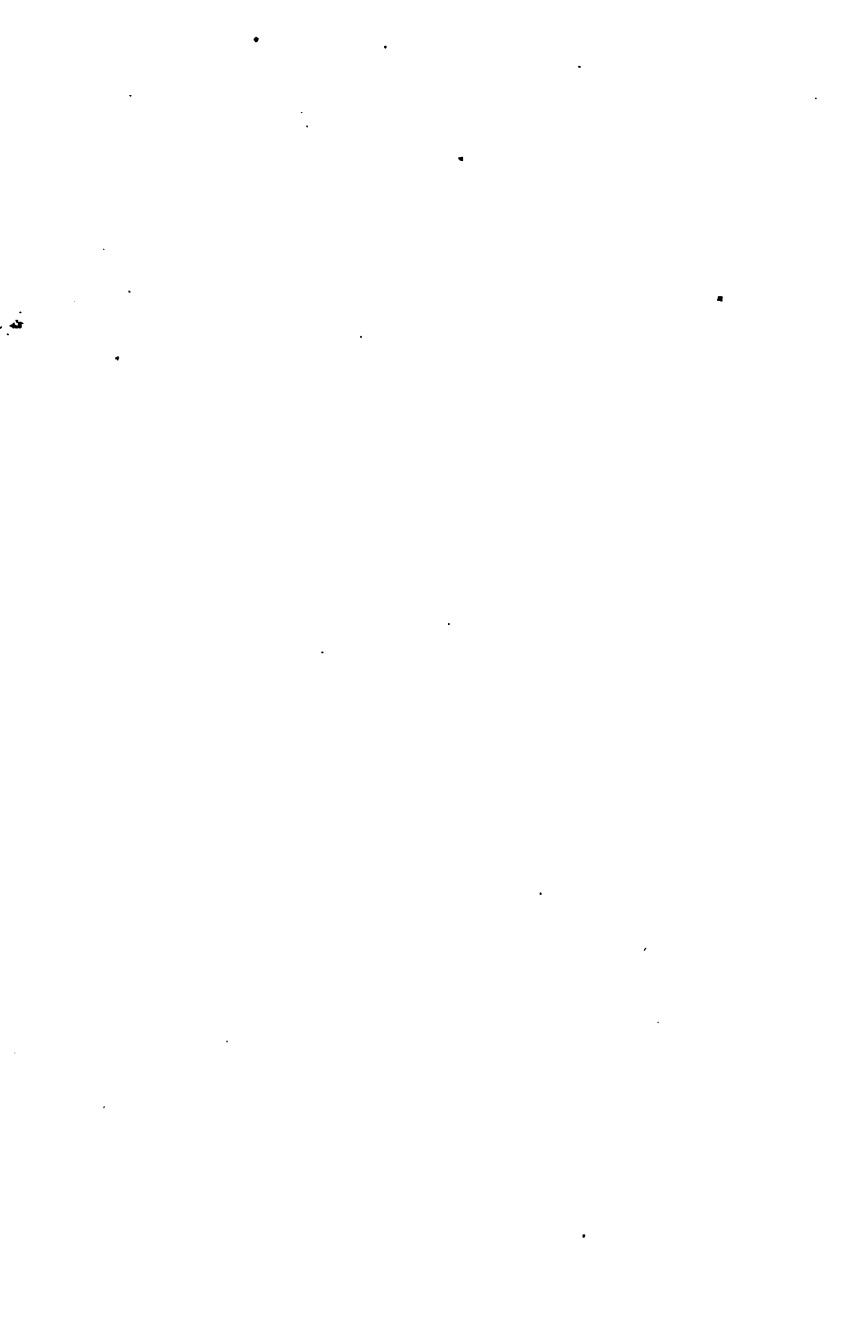
Harvard College Library

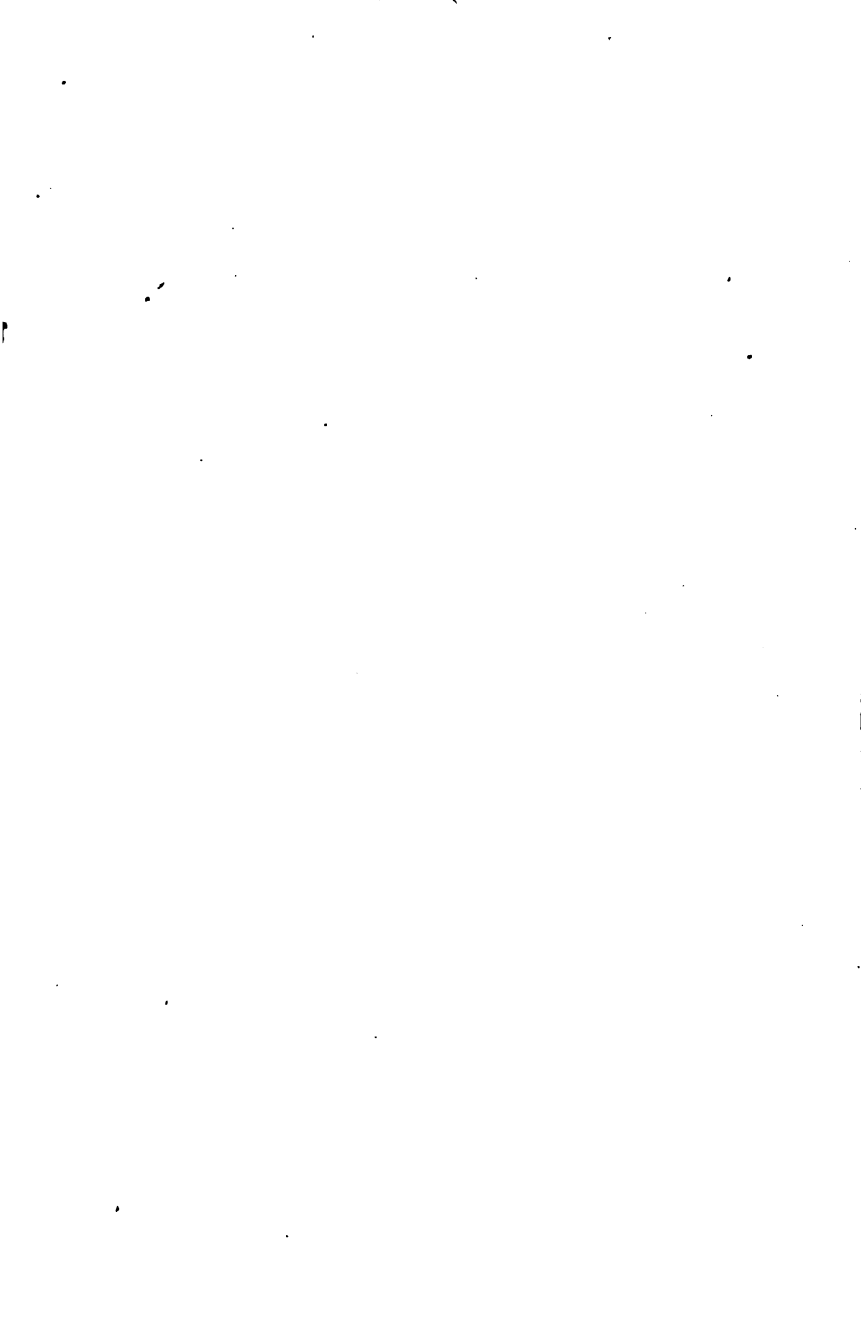


THE GIFT OF
GRENVILLE HOWLAND NORCROSS
OF BOSTON
Class of 1875









SELECTIONS IN POETRY

FOR

EXERCISES AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

Edited by *Epes Sargent.*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILLINGS AND OTHERS.

Who is it that ever was a scholar, that doth not carry away some verses which
in his youth he learned, and even to old age serve him for hourly lessons?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



PHILADELPHIA:
THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.

M DCCC LIII.

11426.55



ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1852, BY
EPES SARGENT,
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF
MASSACHUSETTS.

Stereotyped by
HOBART & ROBBINS,
Boston.

Preface.

THE influence of poetry as a beneficent auxiliary in education is hardly yet appreciated ; but there is a growing sense of its importance, and to meet the demands of this growth the present collection has been made. It is composed mainly of pieces of approved excellence, and such as are fitted as well by their pure moral tone as by the harmony and beauty of their structure to elevate the standard of taste, and happily impress the memory. Genuine poetry, in its simplest forms, appeals to the sympathies of all,—of the old as well as the young ; and although this collection is adapted to the wants of more advanced pupils, it will be found to contain much that will be easily learned and recited by children. The aid of the pencil has been occasionally called in, to impart a graphic interest to pieces, and to indicate the alliance between the sister arts. All the original designs in the volume are by Mr. Hammatt Billings, an artist of singular merit, and of much felicity of execution.

It is remarked by an English compiler,—Dr. Allen, to whose collection of “Select English Poetry” we are

happy to acknowledge our indebtedness,—that “the earliest advantage which is found to arise from the practice of learning and reciting passages of poetry is an improvement of the faculty of memory. Sentiments which, if expressed in prose, would soon be forgotten, frequently, when clothed in verse, produce a permanent impression. The mind may thus be gradually stored with maxims of the purest morality; while the reciting of poetry is, in the language of Lord Clarendon, ‘the best and most natural way to introduce an assurance and confidence in speaking with that leisure and tone of pronunciation that is decent and graceful, and in which, so few men are excellent, for want of information and care when they were young.’”

We do not suppose that any vindication of poetry is needed in this country, at this stage of the world’s cultivation. The time has gone by for illiberal notions on the subject. Poetry, like religion, rests on the necessity of supplying the inherent cravings of our intellectual and spiritual nature; and a taste for it should be cultivated with the assiduity with which any other faculty, essential to the health of a well-balanced organization, is brought into activity. It is ever the companion of an earnest religious faith. Genuine poetry, even in its most cheerful moods, is always religious; indeed, it is cheerful simply because it is religious. It cannot survive in an atheistical atmosphere. Some few instances may be named in which the poetical faculty has been allied with intellectual

unbelief; but the union has never been of long duration. The one flame must absorb the other. If the undevout astronomer be mad, an undevout poet is an anomaly in nature. "Creation has too much of the divinity insinuated into her beauties," says the Rev. Charles Wolfe, "to allow poetry to hesitate in her creed. She demands no proof. She waits for no demonstration. She looks, and she believes. She admires, and she adores."

"It seems to us," says Dr. Channing, referring to poetry, "the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is deepest and sublimest in human nature. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes further towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry." "It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts

and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness is more and more needed as society advances."

If these views of poetry are true, we cannot well exaggerate the importance of the cultivation of a taste for its enjoyments by the young; and especially by the female portion, by whom the destinies of future immortals are to be to so great an extent influenced, for evil or for good.

"What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed?—a beast, no more!
Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To rust in us unused!"

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Sabbath Sunset,	21
Prison Consolations of the Muse,	22
Fancy,	24
Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland,	24
Hymn,	26
My Little Cousins,	28
Admonition,	29
I See Thee Still,	30
Moral Alchemy,	31
The Ministry of Angels,	32
Summer Longings,	33
Friendship,	34
On the Death of Thomson,	35
Never Despair,	36
Love, Hope and Patience, in Education,	37
Jaffar,	38
Sun and Shower,	39
To Seneca Lake,	40
The Call of Samuel,	41
God is Here,	42
Prayers for a Child,	43
It is Told me I must Die,	44
The Dead Friend,	45
The Sabbath Morning,	47
Affectation,	48
A Thought suggested by the New Year,	48
The Child and the Angels,	49
Lines in a Mother's Bible,	50
"Not to Myself Alone,"	51
The Daisy,	53
Stanzas,	54
The Lamentation for Celin,	55
Character of the Happy Warrior,	57
A Plea for our Physical Life,	60
Evening Time,	61
"We Joy that Thou art Free,"	62
The Ploughman,	63
The First of March,	65

Stanza,	<i>Bouring,</i>	66
The Light-house,	<i>Praed,</i>	67
Hope and Love,	<i>Rev. C. H. Townshend,</i>	68
Sermons in Sonnets,	<i>Bouring,</i>	70
True Courage,	<i>Blair,</i>	73
The Three Homes,	<i>Whittier,</i>	74
The Good Man's Exit,	<i>Hood,</i>	75
Ode,	<i>Tucker,</i>	76
A Dream of Summer,	<i>Bryant,</i>	77
Farewell Life,	<i>Emerson,</i>	78
Days of my Youth,	<i>Leigh Hunt,</i>	79
True Philosophy,	<i>Lowell,</i>	79
"Blessed are They that Mourn,"	<i>Fitzgerald,</i>	80
The Humble-bee,	<i>Mary Howitt,</i>	81
The Bitter Gourd,	<i>Horace Smith,</i>	83
She Came and Went,	<i>Townshend,</i>	84
Reasons for Risibility,	<i>Mrs. Southey,</i>	85
The Use of Flowers,	<i>Mrs. Sigourney,</i>	86
Hymn to the Flowers,	<i>Mrs. Hemans,</i>	88
On Poetry,	<i>Longfellow,</i>	90
Autumn Flowers,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	91
Give,	<i>Thomson,</i>	92
The Better Land,	<i>Kennedy,</i>	93
A Psalm of Life,	<i>Miss Landon,</i>	94
Ode to Duty,	<i>Herbert,</i>	96
Summer Heat,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	98
Forgiveness,	<i>Scott,</i>	99
Hannibal's Oath,	<i>Beckford,</i>	100
Man,	<i>Mrs. Hemans,</i>	101
The Daffodils,	<i>Leigh Hunt,</i>	102
Coronach,	<i>Cowley,</i>	103
A Prayer,	<i>Mrs. Osgood,</i>	104
Death and the Warrior,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	105
An Angel in the House,	<i>Ebenezer Elliot,</i>	107
The Grasshopper,	<i>Bryant,</i>	107
The Author's Last Verses,	<i>Hartley Coleridge,</i>	108
A Phantom of Delight,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	109
Farewell to Rivilin,	<i>Lyons,</i>	110
The Winds,	<i>Southey,</i>	111
Sonnet to Wordsworth,	<i>Whittier,</i>	113
Adoration amid Natural Scenes,	<i>Robert Macnish,</i>	114
"O! Steal not Thou my Faith away,"	<i>G. D. Prentice,</i>	116
Imitated from the Persian,	<i>Mrs. Norton,</i>	117
April,	<i>Sir Walter Scott,</i>	118
My Little Sister,	<i>Fitzgerald,</i>	119
Signals of Liberty,	<i>Leigh Hunt,</i>	120
The Child of Earth,	<i>Mrs. Hemans,</i>	121
Hymn of the Hebrew Maid,		123
To a Lady on her Marriage,		124
Beauty, Wit and Gold,		126
To my Pianoforte,		127
Song of a Guardian Spirit,		128

CONTENTS.

IX

Helvellyn,	<i>Sir Walter Scott,</i> . . .	129
Faith,	<i>Fritz and Leolett,</i> . . .	130
God,	<i>Derzhavine,</i>	131
The Rainy Day,	<i>Longfellow,</i>	135
Why thus Longing ?	<i>Harriet Winslow,</i> . . .	135
The Mother and Child,		137
The Factory Children's Holiday,	<i>Elliot,</i>	138
To a Friend on his Marriage,	<i>Hartley Coleridge,</i> . . .	139
The Old Oak Bucket,	<i>Woodworth,</i>	140
Immortality,	<i>Dana,</i>	141
Only Thine,	<i>Heber,</i>	142
Early Piety,	<i>Heber,</i>	143
Dreams,		144
Hymn for One Departed,	<i>Wilson,</i>	145
Happiness,	<i>Heber,</i>	148
Christian Patriotism,	<i>Cowper,</i>	149
The Deserted House,	<i>Tennyson,</i>	151
The Light of Stars,	<i>Longfellow,</i>	151
I Remember, I Remember,	<i>Hood,</i>	153
The Tranquil Mind,	<i>Waller,</i>	154
The Old Man's Comforts,	<i>Southey,</i>	154
Too Late I Staid,	<i>Spencer,</i>	155
The Lyre and Sword,	<i>Mrs. Hemans,</i>	156
The Flight of Faith,	<i>Moore,</i>	158
The Sky-lark,	<i>Hogg,</i>	159
Blessing of a Concealed Future,	<i>Pope,</i>	160
Lycidas,	<i>Milton,</i>	161
The Alpine Storm,	<i>Byron,</i>	164
For Comfort in Death,	<i>Robert Herrick,</i> . . .	165
The Servian Youth to a Traveller,		166
My Birth-day,	<i>Moore,</i>	167
Veni Creator,	<i>Dryden,</i>	168
Glimpses of Future Life,	<i>Henry Vaughan,</i> . . .	170
To Little Mary,	<i>Mrs. Southey,</i>	170
Sleep,	<i>Mrs. Browning,</i> . . .	173
Character of a Happy Life,	<i>Wotton,</i>	175
Moonlight,	<i>Shakspeare,</i>	176
Strength from Above,	<i>Milton,</i>	176
A Song of Contradictions,	<i>Laman Blanchard,</i> . . .	177
The Widow of Nain,	<i>Heber,</i>	178
The Song of the Shirt,	<i>Hood,</i>	179
The Happy Man,	<i>Cowper,</i>	182
From the Arabic,		183
Remorse,	<i>Byron,</i>	184
Blessings Unobserved,	<i>Milnes,</i>	185
Of a Contented Mind,		186
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea,	<i>Cunningham,</i>	187
The Eloquent Pastor,	<i>Laman Blanchard,</i> . . .	188
The Holly-tree,	<i>Southey,</i>	189
Lift up Thine Eyes, Afflicted Soul,	<i>Montgomery,</i>	190
Spirit of Delight,	<i>Shelley,</i>	191
To a Child Six Years Old, during Sickness, <i>Leigh Hunt,</i>		193

Where is the Sea ?	<i>Mrs. Hemans,</i>	194
Christian Virgin to her Apostate Lover,	<i>Rev. T. Dale,</i>	195
Summer Evening by the Sea,	<i>Rev. C. H. Townshend,</i>	197
On the Death of an Infant,	<i>Jane Taylor,</i>	198
Sonnet,	<i>Rev. W. L. Bowles,</i>	198
Bible,	<i>Rev. R. Hoyt,</i>	199
The Lily of the Valley,	<i>Rev. G. Croly,</i>	201
Forgiveness,		201
Solitude,	<i>Shakespeare,</i>	202
The Evening Cloud,	<i>Wilson,</i>	202
The Thunder-storm,	<i>Klopstock,</i>	203
A Lesson for Future Life,		204
The Worth of Woman,	<i>Schiller,</i>	205
Ode to a Gold Coin,	<i>Dr. John Leyden,</i>	207
The True Refuge,	<i>Heber,</i>	209
To Fortune,	<i>Thomas Carew,</i>	209
Niagara,	<i>Brainard,</i>	210
Epitaph on Mrs. Mason,	<i>William Mason,</i>	211
Independence,	<i>Thomson,</i>	211
Is there, for Honest Poverty,	<i>Burns,</i>	212
Evening,	<i>Byron,</i>	213
Hope,	<i>Schiller,</i>	214
Thanksgiving,	<i>Elliot,</i>	215
God Provideth for the Morrow,	<i>Heber,</i>	216
Human Life,	<i>Coleridge,</i>	217
The Death of Schiller,	<i>Bryant,</i>	218
Castles in the Air,		219
Songs of Being,		221
Prose and Song,	<i>John Sterling,</i>	223
An Evening Reverie,	<i>Bryant,</i>	224
The Golden Year,	<i>Tennyson,</i>	225
Cheerfulness,	<i>Salis,</i>	226
Vespers,	<i>Heber,</i>	228
The Kingdom of God,	<i>Harriet Winslow,</i>	228
The Sonnet,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	230
Monody,	<i>Halleck,</i>	231
Happiest Days,		232
I Dream of All Things Free,	<i>Mrs. Hemans,</i>	233
A Christmas Hymn,	<i>Alfred Domett,</i>	234
The Past makes the Future,	<i>Coleridge,</i>	236
The Home of thy Rest,	<i>T. K. Hervey,</i>	236
The Glimpse,	<i>F. W. Faber,</i>	238
Human Love,	<i>Willis,</i>	238
Riches,	<i>Thos. Randolph,</i>	239
Corn-fields,	<i>Mary Howitt,</i>	240
Of Solitude,	<i>Cowley,</i>	242
Temperance,	<i>Milton,</i>	243
The Honest Man,	<i>Herbert,</i>	244
The Parrot,	<i>Campbell,</i>	245
Persecution,	<i>Bowering,</i>	246
Spiritual Population of the Universe,	<i>Milton,</i>	248
May Morning at Ravenna,	<i>Leigh Hunt,</i>	248

CONTENTS.

XI

The True Life,	<i>P. J. Bailey,</i>	249
The Prison,	<i>Coleridge,</i>	250
Hymn,	<i>Bowring,</i>	251
Stanzas,		252
The Snow-storm,	<i>Emerson,</i>	253
The Belvidere Apollo,	<i>Milman,</i>	254
Book of the World,	<i>Drummond,</i>	256
Sin,	<i>Herbert,</i>	256
Elijah's Interview,	<i>Campbell,</i>	257
The Marigold,	<i>George Wither,</i>	258
Hymn to the Stars,		259
"There is a Tongue in Every Leaf,"	<i>Mrs. Southey,</i>	261
Address to Poets,	<i>Keble,</i>	263
Early Rising and Prayer,	<i>Henry Vaughan,</i>	264
The Butterfly,	<i>Bernard Barton,</i>	266
An Apologue,	<i>T. Gaspy,</i>	268
Providence,	<i>Leigh Hunt,</i>	270
The Hour of Death,	<i>Mrs. Hemans,</i>	270
Address to a Wild Deer,	<i>Wilson,</i>	272
The Last Man,	<i>Campbell,</i>	275
Lines written in Early Spring,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	277
Rhyme not Poetry,	<i>Pope,</i>	278
Cloud-land,	<i>Coleridge,</i>	279
The Sea-bird's Song,	<i>Brainard,</i>	280
Eden,	<i>Milton,</i>	281
Liberty,	<i>Coleridge,</i>	283
The Bugle Song,	<i>Tennyson,</i>	283
The Disembodied Spirit,	<i>Peabody,</i>	284
An American Forest Spring,	<i>Alfred B. Street,</i>	285
The Swallows,	<i>Hayley,</i>	287
The Dilemma,	<i>Holmes,</i>	288
To Night,	<i>J. Blanco White,</i>	290
The Village Preacher,	<i>Goldsmith,</i>	290
Look Aloft,	<i>Lawrence,</i>	292
Occasion,		293
Hope's Brighter Shore,		294
The Moral Law,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	295
Books,	<i>Southey,</i>	296
On Parting with my Books,	<i>William Roscoe,</i>	297
Immortality of Love,	<i>Southey,</i>	297
Hymn of a Hermit,	<i>John Sterling,</i>	298
Boat-song,		301
The Crucifixion,	<i>Montgomery,</i>	302
A Northern Spring,	<i>Holmes,</i>	302
Musings in the Temple of Nature,	<i>Chatfield,</i>	305
Montgolfier in his Balloon,	<i>Darwin,</i>	307
The Young Lochinvar,	<i>Scott,</i>	308
The Believer's Triumph in Death,	<i>Toplady,</i>	309
The Leap for Life,	<i>Geo. P. Morris,</i>	311
Far out at Sea,		312
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture,	<i>Cowper,</i>	313
Nature's Ministrations,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	317

An Evening Thought,	<i>Rev. C. H. Townshend,</i>	318
The Child's Warning,	<i>Mrs. Southey,</i>	318
Immortal Hopes,	<i>Wilson,</i>	320
Hymn to Adversity,	<i>Gray,</i>	321
May,	<i>Percival,</i>	323
Stanzas,	<i>Charles Wolfe,</i>	324
Elegy written in a Country Church-yard, <i>Gray,</i>		325
Life Beyond the Tomb,	<i>Beattie,</i>	330
To the Rainbow,	<i>Campbell,</i>	331
Autumn,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	333
The Dying Christian to his Soul,	<i>Pope,</i>	334
Nature and her Lover,	<i>Mackay,</i>	335

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE
ADAMS, SARAH F.	
Sun and Shower,	39
ADDISON, JOSEPH. (Born, 1672 ; died, 1719.)	
How are thy Servants Blest, O Lord,	26
The Spacious Firmament on High,	76
BAILEY, P. J.	
The True Life. (From "Festus"),	249
BARTON, BERNARD. (Born, 1784 ; died, 1849.)	
The Butterfly. (Illustrated),	266
BEATTIE, JAMES. (Born, 1735 ; died, 1803.)	
Life Beyond the Tomb,	330
BECKFORD, WILLIAM. (Died, 1844.)	
Prayer,	104
BLAIR, ROBERT. (Born, 1700 ; died, 1746.)	
The Good Man's Exit. (From "The Grave"),	75
BLANCHARD, LAMAN. (Born, 1803 ; died, 1845.)	
A Song of Contradictions,	177
The Eloquent Pastor,	188
BOWLES, REV. WILLIAM LIBLE. (Born, 1762 ; died, 1850.)	
Sonnet to a Lady,	198
BOWRING, JOHN.	
Stanza,	66
True Courage,	73
God. (From the Russian of Derzhavine),	131
Persecution,	246
Hymn,	251
BRAINARD, J. G. C. (Died, 1828.)	
The Dead Leaves Strew the Forest Walk,	54
Niagara,	210
The Sea-bird's Song. (Illustrated),	280
BROWNING, MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT.	
Sleep. (Illustrated),	173
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN,	
Blessed are they that Mourn,	80
The Winds,	111
The Death of Schiller,	218
An Evening Revery,	224
BYRON, LORD GEORGE GORDON. (Born, 1788 ; died, 1824.)	
The Alpine Storm! (From "Childe Harold"),	164
Remorse. (From "Manfred"),	184
Evening. (From "Don Juan"),	213

BURNS, ROBERT. (Born, 1758 ; died, 1796.)	
Is there, for Honest Poverty,	212
CAMPBELL, THOMAS. (Born, 1777 ; died, 1844.)	
A Thought suggested by the New Year,	48
The Parrot. (A true incident),	245
Elijah's Interview,	257
The Last Man,	275
To the Rainbow,	331
CAREW, THOMAS. (Born, 1589 ; died, 1639.)	
To Fortune,	209
CAWOOD.	
The Call of Samuel,	41
CHATFIELD, DR.	
Musings in the Temple of Nature,	305
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR. (Born, 1770 ; died, 1834.)	
Love, Hope and Patience, in Education,	37
Human Life ; on the Denial of Immortality,	217
The Past makes the Future,	236
The Prison. (From the tragedy of "Remorse"),	250
Cloud-land : a Sonnet,	279
Liberty. (From "France, an Ode"),	283
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY. (Born, 1797 ; died, 1849.)	
Sonnet to Wordsworth,	113
To a Friend on his Marriage,	139
COLLINS, WILLIAM. (Born, 1720 ; died, 1756.)	
On the Death of Thomson,	35
COWLEY, ABRAHAM. (Born, 1618 ; died, 1667.)	
The Grasshopper,	107
Of Solitude,	242
COWPER, WILLIAM. (Born, 1731 ; died, 1800.)	
Christian Patriotism,	149
The Happy Man,	182
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture,	313
CROLY, REV. GEORGE.	
The Lily of the Valley,	201
CUMBERLAND, RICHARD. (Born, 1732 ; died, 1811.)	
Affectation,	48
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN. (Born, 1785 ; died, 1842.)	
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea,	187
DALE, REV. THOMAS.	
The Christian Virgin to her Apostate Lover,	195
DANA, RICHARD H.	
Immortality,	141
DANIEL, SAMUEL. (Born, 1562 ; died, 1619.)	
Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland. (Extract),	24
DARWIN, ERASMUS. (Born, 1721 ; died, 1802.)	
Montgolfer in his Balloon,	307
DERZHAVINE, GABRIEL R. (Born, 1743 ; died, 1819.)	
God. (Translated from the Russian by Bowring),	131
DOMETT, ALFRED.	
A Christmas Hymn,	234

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM. (Born, 1585 ; died, 1649.)	
The Book of the World,	256
DRYDEN, JOHN. (Born, 1631 ; died, 1700.)	
Veni Creator (Come, Creator),	168
DUNCAN, LADY.	
Morning and Evening Prayers for a Child,	43
ELLIOT, EBENEZER. (Born, 1781 ; died, 1849.)	
Farewell to Rivlin,	110
The Factory Children's Holiday,	138
Thanksgiving,	215
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.	
The Humble-bee,	81
The Snow-storm. (Illustrated),	253
FABER, REV. F. W.	
The Glimpse,	238
FITZGERALD, E. M.	
Reasons for Riability,	85
To a Lady on her Marriage,	124
FRITZ AND LEOLETT.	
Faith,	130
GASPRY, T.	
An Apologue,	268
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER. (Born, 1731 ; died, 1774.)	
The Village Preacher. (From "The Deserted Village"),	290
GOOD, JOHN MASON. (Born, 1764 ; died, 1827.)	
The Daisy,	53
GRAY, THOMAS. (Born, 1716 ; died, 1771.)	
Ode to Adversity,	321
Elegy in a Country Church-yard,	325
HALLECK, FITZ GREENE.	
Monody on the Death of Lieutenant Allen,	231
HAYLEY, WILLIAM. (Born, 1745 ; died, 1820.)	
The Swallows ; Written in Expectation of Death,	287
HEBER, REGINALD, Bishop of Calcutta. (Born, 1783 ; died, 1826.)	
Only Thine,	142
Early Piety,	143
Happiness,	148
The Widow of Nain,	178
The True Refuge,	209
God Provideth for the Morrow. (Illustrated),	216
Vespers,	228
HEMANS, MRS. FELICIA. (Born, 1794 ; died, 1835.)	
The Better Land,	93
Death and the Warrior. (Illustrated),	105
Song of a Guardian Spirit,	128
The Lyre and the Sword. (Illustrated),	156
Where is the Sea ?	194
I Dream of all Things Free,	233
The Hour of Death,	270
HERBERT, GEORGE. (Born, 1593 ; died, 1632.)	
Man,	101

Constancy ; or, The Honest Man,	244
Sin,	256
HERRICK, ROBERT. (Born, 1591 ; died, about 1667.)	
For Comfort in Death,	165
HERVEY, T. K.	
I Know Thou art Gone to the Home of thy Rest,	236
HILL, AARON. (Born, 1684 ; died, 1749.)	
Admonition,	29
HOGG, JAMES. (Born, 1782 ; died, 1835.)	
The Skylark,	159
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.	
The Ploughman,	63
The Dilemma. (Illustrated),	288
A Northern Spring,	302
HOOD, THOMAS. (Born, 1798 ; died, 1845.)	
Farewell Life ! My Senses Swim,	78
I Remember, I Remember,	153
The Song of the Shirt,	179
HOWITT, MARY,	
The Use of Flowers. (Illustrated),	86
Corn-fields,	240
HOYT, REV. RALPH.	
Bible. (Illustrated),	199
HUNT, LEIGH. (Born, 1784.)	
Fancy,	24
Jaffar : an Eastern Tradition,	38
The Bitter Gourd : an Eastern Tradition,	83
An Angel in the House,	107
To my Pianoforte,	127
To a Child Six Years Old, during Sickness,	193
May Morning at Ravenna,	248
Providence,	270
KEBLE, JOHN.	
Address to Poets,	263
KENNEDY, WILLIAM.	
Lines in a Mother's Bible,	50
Forgiveness,	99
KLOPSTOCK, FREDERICK THEOPHILUS. (Born, 1724 ; died, 1803.)	
The Thunder-storm. (From the German of),	203
LONDON, LETITIA E. (Mrs. Maclean). (Born, 1802 ; died, 1838.)	
Hannibal's Oath,	100
LANGHORNE, RICHARD. (Executed in 1679, for political reasons.)	
It is Told me I Must Die,	44
LAWRENCE, JONATHAN.	
Look Aloft,	292
LEYDEN, JOHN. (Born, 1775 ; died, 1811.)	
The Sabbath Morning,	47
Ode to a Gold Coin,	207
LOCKHART, J. G.	
Lamentation for the Death of Celin,	55
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.	
A Psalm of Life,	94

The Rainy Day,	135
The Light of Stars,	151
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.	
She Came and Went,	84
LYONS, REV. JAMES GILBORNE.	
O, Steal not Thou my Faith Away,	116
MACKAY, CHARLES.	
A Plea for our Physical Life,	60
Nature and her Lover,	335
MASON, WILLIAM. (Born, 1725 ; died, 1797.)	
Epitaph on Mrs. Mason,	211
MACNISH, ROBERT. (Born, 1802 ; died, 1837.)	
My Little Sister,	119
MILMAN, REV. HENRY HART.	
The Belvidere Apollo,	254
MILNES, R. M.	
Blessings Unobserved,	185
MILTON, JOHN. (Born, 1608 ; died, 1674.)	
Lycidas, a Monody,	161
Strength from Above. (From "Samson Agonistes"),	176
Temperance. (From "Comus"),	243
Spiritual Population of the Universe,	248
Eden, Description of. (From "Paradise Lost"),	281
MONTGOMERY, JAMES. (Born, 1771.)	
Evening Time,	61
Lift up Thine Eyes, Afflicted Soul,	190
The Crucifixion,	302
MOORE, THOMAS. (Born, 1780 ; died, 1852.)	
The Flight of Faith,	158
My Birth-day,	167
MORRIS, GEORGE P.	
The Leap for Life,	311
NORTON, MRS. CAROLINE.	
The Child of Earth,	121
OSGOOD, MRS. FRANCES S. (Born, 1812 ; died, 1850.)	
The Author's Last Verses,	108
PEABODY, WILLIAM B. O. (Born, 1799 ; died, 1847.)	
The Disembodied Spirit,	284
PERCIVAL, JAMES G.	
To Seneca Lake,	40
May. (Illustrated),	323
POPE, ALEXANDER. (Born, 1688 ; died, 1744.)	
Blessing of a Concealed Future,	160
Rhyme not Poetry,	278
The Dying Christian to his Soul,	334
PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH. (Born, 1802 ; died, 1839.)	
My Little Cousins,	28
Hope and Love,	68
PRENTICE, GEORGE D.	
Signals of Liberty,	120
RANDOLPH, THOMAS. (Born, 1605 ; died, 1634.)	
Riches,	239

ROSCOE, WILLIAM. (Born, 1765 ; died, 1831.)	
On Parting with my Books,	297
SALIS, JOHANN GANDENZ VON. (Born, 1762 ; died, 1834.)	
Cheerfulness. (From the German of),	226
SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH. (B., 1759 ; d., 1805.)	
The Worth of Woman. (From the German of),	205
Hope. (From the German of),	214
SCOTT, SIR WALTER. (Born, 1771 ; died, 1832.)	
Coronach,	103
Hymn of the Hebrew Maid,	123
Helvellyn,	129
The Young Lochinvar,	308
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. (Born, 1564 ; died, 1616.)	
Moonlight. (From "The Merchant of Venice"),	176
Solitude. (From "As You Like It"),	202
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE. (Born, 1792 ; died, 1822.)	
Spirit of Delight,	191
SIGOURNEY, MRS. L. H.	
Give Prayers : the Evening hath Begun,	92
SMITH, HORACE. (Born, 1779 ; died, 1849.)	
Moral Alchemy,	31
The First of March,	65
Hymn to the Flowers. (Illustrated),	88
SMITH, SEBA.	
The Mother and Child. (Illustrated),	137
SOUTHEY, ROBERT. (Born, 1774 ; died, 1843.)	
The Dead Friend,	45
Imitated from the Persian,	117
The Old Man's Comforts,	154
The Holly-tree,	189
Books. (Illustrated),	296
Immortality of Love. (From "The Curse of Kehama"),	297
SOUTHEY, MRS. CAROLINE BOWLES.	
Autumn Flowers,	91
To Little Mary,	170
There is a Tongue in Every Leaf,	261
The Child's Warning,	318
SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT. (Born, 1770 ; died, 1834.)	
Too Late I Staid ; Forgive the Crime,	155
SPENSER, EDMUND. (Born, 1553 ; died, 1598.)	
The Ministry of Angels (From "The Faery Queene"),	32
SPRAGUE CHARLES.	
I See Thee Still,	30
STERLING, JOHN. (Born, 1806 ; died, 1844.)	
Prose and Song,	223
Hymn of a Hermit,	298
STREET, ALFRED B.	
An American Forest Spring,	285
SWAIN, CHARLES.	
The Child and the Angels,	49
TAYLOR, JANE. (Born, 1783 ; died, 1823.)	
On the Death of an Infant,	198

TENNYSON, ALFRED.	
The Deserted House,	151
The Golden Year,	225
The Bugle Song,	283
THOMSON, JAMES. (Born, 1700 ; died, 1748.)	
Summer Heat. (From "The Seasons"),	98
Independence. (From "The Castle of Indolence"),	211
TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE. (Born, 1740 ; died, 1778.)	
The Believer's Triumph in Death,	309
TOWNSHEND, REV. CHAUNCY HARE.	
Sermons in Sonnets (six),	70
On Poetry,	90
Summer Evening by the Sea,	197
An Evening Thought,	318
TUCKER, ST. GEORGE. (Died, 1823.)	
Days of my Youth, ye have Glided Away,	79
VAUGHAN, HENRY. (Born, 1621 ; died, 1695.)	
Glimpses of Future Life,	170
Early Rising and Prayer,	264
WALLER, EDMUND. (Born, 1603 ; died, 1687.)	
The Tranquil Mind,	154
WHITE, J. BLANCO.	
Sonnet to Night,	290
WHITTIER, JOHN G.	
A Dream of Summer,	77
April,	118
WILLIS, N. P.	
Human Love,	238
WILSON, JOHN (PROFESSOR).	
Hymn for One Departed,	145
The Evening Cloud,	202
Address to a Wild Deer,	272
Immortal Hopes,	320
WINSLOW, HARRIET.	
Why thus Longing ?	135
The Kingdom of God,	228
WITHER, GEORGE. (Born, 1588 ; died, 1667.)	
Prison Consolations of the Muse,	22
The Marigold,	258
WOLFE, REV. CHARLES. (Born, 1791 ; died, 1823.)	
If I had Thought Thou Could'st have Died,	324
WOODWORTH, SAMUEL.	
The Old Oaken Bucket,	140
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. (Born, 1770 ; died, 1850.)	
Friendship,	34
Character of the Happy Warrior,	57
Ode to Duty,	96
The Daffodils,	103
She was a Phantom of Delight,	109
Adoration amid Natural Scenes,	114
The Sonnet,	230
Lines written in Early Spring,	277

The Moral Law,	295
Nature's Ministrations,	317
Autumn,	333
WORTON, SIR HENRY. (Born, 1568 ; died, 1639.)	
Character of a Happy Life,	175

ANONYMOUS.

The Sabbath Sunset. (Illustrated),	21
Summer Longings,	33
Never Despair,	36
God is Here. (Illustrated),	42
Not to Myself Alone,	51
We Joy that Thou art Free,	62
The Light-house. (Illustrated),	67
The Three Homes,	74
True Philosophy,	79
Beauty, Wit and Gold. (Illustrated),	126
O ! there is a Dream of Early Youth,	144
The Servian Youth to a Traveller,	166
From the Arabic,	183
Of a Contented Mind. (Written in the sixteenth century),	186
Forgiveness,	201
A Lesson for Future Life,	204
Castles in the Air,	219
Songs of Being : the Birth, the Death,	221, 222
Happiest Days,	232
Stanzas,	252
Hymn to the Stars,	259
Occasion. (From the Italian),	293
Hope's Brighter Shore,	294
Boat-song,	301
Far Out at Sea,	312

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.



THE SABBATH SUNSET.

BEHIND that western hill
How bright the sun declines,
As over city, lake and plain,
Its parting radiance shines !

The clouds above its bed
In purple glory wait,
As if they were the open bars
Of Heaven's resplendent gate.

How all things whisper " peace,"
From meadow, stream, and hill !
The patient kine reposing stand,
The very leaves are still.

A moment, and the sun,
Beneath whose crimson glow
Such beauty and delight are shed,
Shall sink that hill below.

Yet all around his track
The sky shall long be bright,
And not a cloud above his couch
Shall hang unbathed in light.

Thus shall the Christian die ;
So bright his smile appear,
That Grief itself shall be illumed,
And Love shall cast out fear.

PRISON CONSOLATIONS OF THE MUSE.

SHE doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this :
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustleing, —
By a daisy whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed, —

Or a shady bush or tree, —
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man !
By her help, I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull liveness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made ;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves ;
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss ;
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight ;
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect ;
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object of despair,
She hath taught me, by her might,
To draw comfort and delight. —
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this,
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That ere Heaven to mortals lent !
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee ;
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to naught but earth are born ;
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.

Though our wise ones call it madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness,
 If I love not thy madd'st fits
 Above all their greatest wits.
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to condemn
 What makes knaves and fools of them.

WITHER.

FANCY.

FANCY's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
 The poor man's piecer-out; the art of nature,
 Painting her landscapes twice; the *spirit* of fact,
 As matter is the body; the pure gift
 Of Heaven to poet and to child; which he
 Who retains most in manhood, being a man
 In all things fitting else, is most a man;
 Because he wants no human faculty,
 Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world.

LEIGH HUNT.

EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

The following was esteemed by Wordsworth one of the finest poems in the language:

HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
 And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
 As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
 Of his resolvéd powers, — nor all the wind
 Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
 His settled peace, or to disturb the same, —
 What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
 The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood ; where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem !

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies,
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right : the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails :
Justice he sees (as if seducéd) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man,
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others' crimes,
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him ; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexéd state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility,
Yet, seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed ; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived ; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great expecting hopes, he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

DANIEL.

HYMN.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !

How sure is their defence !

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes I passed unhurt,

And breathed the tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,

Made every region please ;

The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,

And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul ! devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roared at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

E voi ridete? — Certo Ridiamo. — Così fan tutte.

LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you
 All life is joyous yet;
 Your hearts have all things to pursue,
 And nothing to regret;
 And every flower to you is fair,
 And every month is May;
 You 've not been introduced to Care, —
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
 Upon those sunny eyes;
 The voice, whose every word is song,
 Will set itself to sighs;
 Your quiet slumbers, — hopes and fears
 Will chase their rest away;
 To-morrow you 'll be shedding tears, —
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

O, yes; if any truth is found
 In the dull schoolman's theme, —
 If friendship is an empty sound,
 And love an idle dream, —
 If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue
 Too soon on life's long way,
 At least he 'll run with you a league, —
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
 As childhood's hues depart;
 You may be lovelier to the sight,
 And dearer to the heart;

You may be sinless still, and see
 This earth still green and gay ;
 But what you are you will not be, —
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

O'er me have many winters crept,
 With less of grief than joy ;
 But I have learned, and toiled, and wept, —
 I am no more a boy !
 I've never had the gout, 't is true,
 My hair is hardly gray ;
 But now I cannot laugh like you, —
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

I used to have as glad a face,
 As shadowless a brow ;
 I once could run as blithe a race
 As you are running now ;
 But never mind how I behave, —
 Don't interrupt your play,
 And, though I look so very grave,
 Laugh on, laugh on, to-day !

PRAED.

ADMONITION.

O LEOLYN, be obstinately just ;
 Indulge no passion and deceive no trust.
 Let never man be bold enough to say,
 Thus, and no further, shall my passion stray ;
 The first crime past compels us into more,
 And guilt grows *fate*, that was but *choice* before.

AARON HILL.

I SEE THEE STILL.

"I rocked her in the cradle,
 And laid her in the tomb. She was the youngest.
 What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
 Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne'er grow old, —
 The fond endearments of our earlier days
 We keep alive in them; and when they die,
 Our youthful joys we bury with them."

I SEE thee still!

Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
 Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
 Thou comest in the morning light,
 Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
 In dreams I meet thee as of old;
 Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
 And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
 In every scene to memory dear

I see thee still!

I see thee still,
 In every hallowed token round;
 This little ring thy finger bound,
 This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
 This silken chain by thee was braided;
 These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
 Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me;
 This book was thine; here didst thou read.
 This picture — ah, yes! here, indeed,

I see thee still!

I see thee still!

Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
 Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
 This was thy chamber, — here, each day,
 I sat and watched thy sad decay;

Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie ;
Here, on this pillow — thou didst die !
Dark hour ! once more its woes unfold ;
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still !

I see thee still !
Thou art not in the grave confined —
Death cannot claim the immortal mind ;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust !
Thee, O my sister ! 't is not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see !
Thou to a fairer land art gone ;
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still !

SPRAGUE.

MORAL ALCHEMY.

From Nature's magic hand, whose touch makes sadness
Eventual gladness,
The reverent moral alchemist may learn
The art to turn
Fate's roughest, hardest, most forbidding dross,
Into the mental gold that knows not change or loss.
Lose we a valued friend ? To soothe our woe,
Let us bestow
On those who still survive an added love ;
So shall we prove,
Howe'er the dear departed we deplore,
In friendship's sum and substance no diminished store.

Lose we our health? Now may we fully know
What thanks we owe
For our sane years, perchance of lengthened scope;
Now does our hope
Point to the day when sickness taking flight
Shalt make us better feel health's exquisite delight.
In losing fortune many a lucky elf
Has found himself; —
As all our moral bitters are designed
To brace the mind,
And renovate its healthy tone, the wise
Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise.
There is no gloom on earth, for God above
Chastens in love;
Transmuting sorrows into golden joy,
Free from alloy;
His dearest attribute is still to bless,
And man's most welcome hymn is grateful cheerfulness.

HORACE SMITH.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: — else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: but O! the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blesséd angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
And all for love and nothing for reward ;
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard ?

SPENSER.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

" *Las Mananas floridas*
De Abril y Mayo." — *Calderon.*

AH ! my heart is ever waiting,
Waiting for the May ;
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the pleasant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May ;
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer day.
Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May ;
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May ;
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooding willows,
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.

Ah ! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings, —
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings, —
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away ;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

FRIENDSHIP.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts ;
Of friends, however humble, spurn not one ;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid;
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

And see, the fairy valleys fade, —
Dun Night has veiled the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !
There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes ;
" O ! vales and wild woods," shall he say,
" In yonder grave your Druid lies !"

COLLINS.

NEVER DESPAIR.

THE opal-hued and many-perfumed morn
From gloom is born ;
From out the sullen depth of ebon night
The stars shed light ;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth ;
From wondrous alchemy of winter hours
Come summer flowers ;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain ;
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
The year's fresh store ;

Just sequences of clashing tones afford
The full accord ;
Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches truth ;
Through efforts long in vain, prophetic need
Begets the deed ; —
Nerve, then, thy soul with direst need to cope ;
Life's brightest hope
Lies latent ever in Fate's deadliest lair.
Never despair !

LOVE, HOPE AND PATIENCE, IN EDUCATION.

O'ER wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces ?
Love, Hope and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For, as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education, — Patience, Love and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that, touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
O, part them never ! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love, too, will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive ;
And, bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,

Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half-supplies ; —
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
 When, overtasked at length,
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And, both supporting, does the work of both.

COLERIDGE.

JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffâr was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;
And guilty Hâroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name, on pain of death. —
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square,
Where once had stood a happy house ; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffâr.

“Bring me this man !” the caliph cried. The man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. “Welcome, brave cords !” cried he ;
“From bonds far worse Jaffâr delivered me ;

From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears ;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears ;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffâr ?”

Hàroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great,
And said, “ Let worth grow frenzied, if it will ;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go ; and, since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit.”

“ Gifts !” cried the friend. He took ; and, holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, “ This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffâr !”

LEIGH HUNT.

SUN AND SHOWER.

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower, —
Alike they 're needful to the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee ;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

O, ne'er will I at life repine ;
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
Where falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side !

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

PERCIVAL.

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

1 SAM. 3: 1—10.

IN Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright ;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel the child securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke :
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke ;
He rose ; he asked whence came the word ?
From Eli ? — no ; it was the Lord.

Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod ;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blessed.

Speak, Lord ! and, from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways.
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear ;
Speak, Lord, to us ; thy servants hear.

And ye who know the Saviour's love,
And richly all his mercies prove,
Your timely, friendly aid afford,
That we may early serve the Lord.

CAWOOD.



GOD IS HERE.

KNEEL, my child, for God is here !
Bend in love, but not in fear ;
Kneel before Him now in prayer ;
Thank Him for his constant care ;
Praise Him for his bounties shed
Every moment on thy head ; -
Ask for light to know his will ;
Ask for love thy heart to fill ;
Ask for faith to bear thee on,
Through the might of Christ, his Son ;
Ask his Spirit still to guide thee
Through the ills that may betide thee ;
Ask for peace, to lull to rest
Every tumult of thy breast ;
Ask in awe, but not in fear ;
Kneel, my child, for God is here !

PRAYERS FOR A CHILD.

MORNING.

I THANK thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
And for thy care of me ;
O, let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by thee !

O, let me love thee ! Kind thou art
To children such as I ;
Give me a gentle, holy heart,
Be thou my friend on high !

Help me to please my parents dear,
And do whate'er they tell ;
Bless all my friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well !

EVENING.

Jesus, heavenly Shepherd, hear me, —
Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light !

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast warmed, and fed, and clothed me, —
Listen to my evening prayer !

May my sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends I love so well ;
When I die, take me to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell !

LADY DUNCAN.

IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE.

Richard Langhorne, a lawyer, was unjustly condemned, and put to death as a traitor, in the reign of Charles II. Just before his execution, he wrote the following exquisite and remarkable poem. In the language of the Quarterly Review, "A poem it must be called, though it is not in verse." Perhaps there is not in this or any other language a poem which appears to have flowed so entirely from the heart."

It is told me I must die :
 O, happy news !
 Be glad, O my soul,
 And rejoice in Jesus, thy Saviour !
 If he intended thy perdition,
 Would he have laid down his life for thee ?
 Would he have called thee with so much love,
 And illuminated thee with the light of the Spirit ?
 Would he have given thee his cross,
 And given thee shoulders to bear it with patience ?

It is told me I must die :
 O, happy news !
 Come on, my dearest soul ;
 Behold, thy Jesus calls thee !
 He prayed for thee upon his cross ;
 There he extended his arms to receive thee ;
 There he bowed down his head to kiss thee ;
 There he opened his heart to give thee entrance ;
 There he gave up his life to purchase life for thee.

It is told me I must die :
 O, what happiness !
 I am going
 To the place of my rest ;
 To the land of the living ;
 To the haven of security ;

To the kingdom of peace ;
To the palace of my God ;
To the nuptials of the Lamb ;
To sit at the table of my King ;
To feed on the bread of angels ;
To see what no eye hath seen ;
To hear what no ear hath heard ;
To enjoy what the heart of man cannot comprehend.

O, my Father !
O, thou best of all Fathers,
Have pity on the most wretched of all thy children !
I was lost, but by thy mercy found ;
I was dead, but by thy grace am now raised again ;
I was gone astray after vanity,
But I am now ready to appear before thee.
O, my Father !
Come, now, in mercy, and receive thy child !
Give him thy kiss of peace ;
Remit unto him all his sins ;
Clothe him with thy nuptial robe ;
Permit him to have a place at thy feast ;
And forgive all those who are guilty of his death.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

Nor to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear !
The spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbbed in that cold heart,

Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp.
The spirit is not there !
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave ;
Earth, air, and water's ministering particles,
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved ;
The spirit is not there !
Often together have we talked of death ;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear !
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the cherubim
To view the depth of heaven !
O, Edmund ! thou hast first
Begun the travel of eternity !
I look upon the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.
And we have often said how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund ! we did not err !
Sure I have felt thy presence ! Thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstained and pure.
Edmund ! we did not err !
Our best affections here,
They are not like the toys of infancy ;

The soul outgrows them not ;
We do not cast them off ;
O, if it could be so,
It were, indeed, a dreadful thing to die !
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved !
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he companies thy solitude ;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse ;
And, though remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

SOUTHEY.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still !
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne ;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill ;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !
The rooks float silent by, in airy drove ;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws ;
The gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose ;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move :
So smiled the day when the first morn arose !

LEYDEN.

AFFECTATION.

WHY, Affectation, why this mock grimace ?
Go, silly thing, and hide that simpering face !
Thy lisping prattle, and thy mincing gait,
All thy false mimic fooleries, I hate ;
For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
Who is right foolish hath the better plea ;
Nature's true idiot I prefer to thee.

Why that soft languish ? Why that drawling tone ?
Art sick ? art sleepy ? — Get thee hence, — begone !
I laugh at all those pretty baby tears,
Those flutterings, faintings, and unreal fears.

Can they deceive us ? Can such mummeries move,
Touch us with pity, or inspire with love ?
No, Affectation, vain is all thy art ;
Those eyes may wander over every part,
They 'll never find their passage to the heart.

CUMBERLAND.

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages ;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering, like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,

Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange — yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of youth a *seeming* length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

CAMPBELL.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

THE Sabbath sun was setting low,
Amidst the clouds of even ;
“ Our Father,” breathed a voice below,
“ Father, who art in heaven.”

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given ;
“ Our Father,” angels sang aloud,
“ Father, who art in heaven.”

“ Thy kingdom come,” still from the ground
That child-like voice did pray ;
“ Thy kingdom come,” God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
That lisping love implores ;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng,
Sing from the heavenly shores.

"Forever," still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer ;
"Forever" floats in music sweet
High midst the angels there.

CHARLES SWAIN.

LINES IN A MOTHER'S BIBLE.

REMEMBER, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,—
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home ;
Remember 't was a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love
The holiest for her son ;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a goodly one,—
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light, and life, and joy ;—

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home !
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
 Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
 And bid him cast the pledge aside
 That he from youth had borne,
 She bade him pause, and ask his breast
 If he, or she, had loved him best !

A parent's blessing on her son
 Goes with this holy thing ;
 The love that would retain the one
 Must to the other cling ;
 Remember ! 't is no idle toy,
 A MOTHER'S GIFT, — remember, boy !

KENNEDY.

“NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The little opening flower transported cries,
 “Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;
 With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
 And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
 The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
 His dainty fill ;
 The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The circling star with honest pride doth boast,
 “Not to myself alone I rise and set ;
 I write upon night's coronal of jet
 His power and skill who formed our myriad host ;
 A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
 I gem the sky,

That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,
"Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings,
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay.
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June."

“ Not to myself alone : ” —

O man, forget not thou, — earth’s honored priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart, —
In earth’s great chorus to sustain *thy* part !
Chiefest of guests at Love’s ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard ; spurn thy native clod,
And *self* disown ;
Live to thy neighbor ; live unto thy God ;
Not to thyself alone !

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here ;
The daisy, fresh from winter’s sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring’s living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy’s curious bud ;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within ;

And fling it, beautiful and free,
O’er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where’er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God ?

GOOD.

STANZAS.

THE dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And withered are the pale wild-flowers ;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone Summer's rich and mantling vines,
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swelled from yonder tree ;
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perched, and raised her song for me.
The Winter comes, — and where is she ?
Away, where Summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there ;
The northern breeze that rustles by
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair.
No forest-tree stands stripped and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead ;
No mountain top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snow its reverend head.

Go there, with all the birds, and seek
A happier clime with livelier flight ;
Kiss with the sun the evening's cheek,
And leave me lonely with the night.

I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone;
See that it all is fair and bright,
Feel that it all is cold, and gone.

BRAINARD.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of
woe.

"What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief come
these bewailing?"

"A tower is fallen! A star is set!—Alas! alas for
Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide
the doors they throw;

Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go!

In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow
porch,

Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming
torch.

Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery,— "Alas! alas for Celin!"

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerrage's blood ·
'T was at the solemn jousting; around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight
to share;

But now the nobles all lament, the ladies are bewailing,
For he was Granada's darling knight, — "Alas! alas for
Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their dole-
ful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless
bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry, — "Alas! alas for
Celin!"

O! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished
mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their
wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound, — "Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, the Moor stands at
his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore.
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black
they strew
Upon their brodered garments, of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate their bier stands still, then bursts the loud
bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low, — "Alas! alas for
Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people
cry,

Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye;

'T was she that nursed him at her breast, that nursed him
long ago;

She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well
shall know!

With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her
ears receive their wailing, —

“ Let me kiss my Celin ere I die! — Alas! alas for Celin!”

LOCKHART.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he,
That every Man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care:
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves,
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;

Is placable, — because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more ; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress,
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
'T is he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law

In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love : —
'T is finally the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity, —
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast :
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth,
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
This is THE HAPPY WARRIOR ; this is he,
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

A PLEA FOR OUR PHYSICAL LIFE.

WE do our nature wrong,
Neglecting over long
The bodily joys that help to make us wise ;
The ramble up the slope
Of the high mountain cope,
The long day's walk, the vigorous exercise ;
The fresh, luxurious bath,
Far from the trodden path ;
Or, 'mid the ocean waves dashing with harmless roar,
Lifting us off our feet upon the sandy shore.

Kind Heaven ! there is no end
Of pleasures, as we wend
Our pilgrimage in life's undeviating way,
If we but know the laws
Of the Eternal Cause,
And for His glory and our good obey ;
But intellectual pride
Sets half these joys aside,
And our perennial care absorbs the soul so much,
That life grows cold and dim beneath its deadening touch.

Welcome, ye plump green meads,
Ye streams and sighing reeds !
Welcome, ye corn-fields, waving like a sea !
Welcome, the leafy bowers,
And children gathering flowers !
And farewell, for a while, sage drudgery !
What though we're growing old, —
Our blood is not yet cold :
Come with me to the fields, thou man of many ills,
And give thy limbs a chance among the daffodils !

Come with me to the woods,
 And let their solitudes
 Reëcho to our voices, as we go !
 Upon thy merry brain
 Let childhood come again,
 Spite of thy wealth, thy learning, or thy woe !
 Stretch forth thy limbs, and leap, —
 Thy life has been asleep ;
 And, though the wrinkles deep may furrow thy pale brow,
 Show me, if thou art wise, how like a child art thou !

MACKAY.

EVENING TIME.

ZECH. 14 : 7.

At evening time let there be light :
 Life's little day draws near its close ;
 Around me fall the shades of night,
 The night of death, the grave's repose :
 To crown my joys, to end my woes,
 At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light :
 Stormy and dark hath been my day ;
 Yet rose the morn divinely bright,
 Dews, birds and blossoms, cheered the way ;
 O, for one sweet, one parting ray !
 At evening time let there be light,

At evening time there *shall* be light ;
 For God hath spoken — it must be :
 Fear, doubt and anguish, take their flight,

His glory now is risen on me!
Mine eyes shall His salvation see!
— 'Tis evening time, and there is light!

MONTGOMERY.

“WE JOY THAT THOU ART FREE.”

TIME hath not power to bear away
Thine image from the heart;
No scenes that mark life's onward way
Can bid it hence depart.
Yet, while our souls, with anguish riven,
Mourn, loved and lost, for thee,
We raise our tearful eyes to Heaven,
And joy that thou art free.

We miss thee from the band so dear
That gathers round our hearth,
We listen still thy voice to hear
Amid our household mirth;
We gaze upon thy vacant chair,
Thy form we seem to see, —
We start to find thou art not there,
Yet joy that thou art free.

A thousand old, familiar things,
Within our childhood's home,
Speak of the cherished absent one,
Who never more shall come.
They wake, with mingled bliss and pain,
Fond memories of thee;
But would we call thee back again? —
We joy that thou art free.

Amid earth's conflict, woe and care,
When dark our path appears,
'Tis sweet to know thou canst not share
Our anguish and our tears, —
That on thy head no more shall fall
The storms we may not flee;
Yes, safely sheltered from them all,
We joy that thou art free.

For thou hast gained a brighter land,
And Death's cold stream is past;
Thine are the joys, at God's right hand,
That shall forever last;
A crown is on thy angel brow,
Thine eye the King doth see,
Thy home is with the seraphs now, —
We joy that thou art free!

THE PLOUGHMAN.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo, on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With Toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod.
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens, deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves;
Mellow and dark the ridgy corn-field cleaves.

Up the steep hill-side, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain,
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings ;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green ;
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;
These are the lines, O, heaven-commanded Toil,
That fill thy deed — the charter of the soil !

O, gracious mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How sweet thy features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time !
We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er the dead ;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn ;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain, —
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

Yet, O our mother, while uncounted charms
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond weakness waste our strength away !

No! by these hills, whose banners, now displayed,
 In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed;
 By yon twin crest, amid the sinking sphere,
 Last to dissolve, and first to reappear;
 By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
 And feeds in silence from its dark ravines, —
 True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil,
 To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
 And, true to God, to Freedom, to Mankind,
 If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,
 These stately forms, that, bending even now,
 Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,
 Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
 The same stern iron in the same right hand,
 Till Greylock thunders to the parting sun,
 The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won!

HOLMES.

 THE FIRST OF MARCH.

THE bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
 And earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
 Which, warmed by summer's sun in th' alembic of the vine,
 From her fount will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower
 Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
 And the juices, meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
 Unerringly proceed to their preappointed roots.

How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground,
 Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound!
 How each thing upward tends, by necessity decreed,
 And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds his
 sway : —

Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for
 Spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping earth, till her dreams are all
 of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers ;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

The vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave ;
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave ;
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills ;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O, thou sunny first of March, be it dedicate to thee !

HORACE SMITH.

STANZA.

Few are the fragments left of follies past ;
For worthless things are transient. Those that last
Have in them germs of an eternal spirit,
And out of good their permanence inherit.
Baseness is mutability's ally ;
But the sublime affections never die.

BOWRING.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it ;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the Spirit that made it ;
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, 'till the light-house fire blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers ;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers :
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope, —
All hushed was the billows' commotion, —
And thought that the light-house looked lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow :
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
O ! then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

HOPE AND LOVE.

ONE day, through Fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of Pleasure :
All mirth and smiles, I saw them go ;
Each was the other's banker ;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They passed by cot and tower ;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower ;
But what did those fond playmates care
For climate or for weather ?
All scenes to them were bright and fair
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers ;

"Fly on," said Wisdom, with cold sneers;
"I teach my friends to doubt you;"
"Come back," said Age, with bitter tears,
"My heart is cold without you."

When Poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
• They coaxed away the beldame's wrath,
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters honey,
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated:
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That, though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A gray-beard joined them, — Time by name;
And Love was nearly crazy,
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy:
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket;
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outsailed the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,

Before a grave they stopped, at last,
 Beneath a weeping willow :
 The moon upon the humble mound
 Her softest light was flinging ;
 And from the thickets all around
 Sad nightingales were singing.

"I leave you here," quoth Father Time,
 As hoarse as any raven ;
 And Love kneeled down to spell the rhyme
 Upon the rude stone graven :
 But Hope looked onward, calmly brave,
 And whispered, "Dearest brother,
 We're parted on this side the grave, —
 We'll meet upon the other."

PRAED.

SERMONS IN SONNETS.

I.

"WHAT GOD HATH CLEANS'D, THAT CALL THOU NOT COMMON." — *Acts* 10 : 15.

BEHOLD men's judgments ! Common and unclean
 We call whatever with our pride doth jar,
 Though from one God and Father all things are.
 Behold men's judgments ! The deep truth unseen,
 Rash we decide what mere externals mean.
 Know'st thou, while thy proud eye is closed afar,
 In what mean worm God may illumine a star ?
 Know'st thou where His great Spirit dwells serene ?
 Thou dost not. What thy pride may worthless deem,
 Ay, tainted with pollution, may become —
 Raised from the dust — the fairest, loveliest home
 Where radiant Deity can shrine its beam ;
 May be redeemed from Nature's common blot,
 Ay, though perhaps thy very self be not !

II.

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS."—*St. John* 14 : 2.

Ye orbs that tremble through infinity,
And are ye, then, linked only with our eyes,
Dissevered from our thoughts, our smiles, our sighs, —
Our hopes and dreams of being yet to be ?
O, if all nature be a harmony
(As sure it is), why in those solemn skies
Should ye our vision mock, like glittering lies
To man all unrelated ? Must I see
Your glories only as a tinselled waste ?
If so, I half despise your spectacle !
But if I deem that ye form eras vast,
And do, by mighty revolution, tell
Time to intelligent existences,
Awe-struck, I do assist at your solemnities !

III.

"THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN."—*1 Corinthians* 15 : 56.

"O, death will be so beautiful !" one said
To me ; a child he was by sickness worn :
I looked at him ; his face was like the morn
When from its beauty the dull vapors glide.
The dusky curtains that the next world hide
Seemed for a moment's space asunder torn.
"My Saviour loves me !" yet again he sighed,
And upward gazed, with eye beatified ; —
That look with him unto the grave was borne !
O, could we smile into the next world too !
Why not ? O bounteous Nature, bounteous Grace,
If Death be dread, 't is we who make it so,
Straying alike from God and Nature's face.
Two lovely roads lead to our common rest, —
Forgiveness, Innocence, — and both are best !

IV.

"EYES TO THE BLIND."—*Job 29: 15.*

O, joy it is when we our mission find,
 Even if it be to wipe the humblest tear,
 Or still the very faintest human fear.
 But something it must be for human kind!
 How else appease the thirst of soul and mind, —
 Remorse, — which most doth wait on wasted powers,
 The rankling nothingness of trifled hours
 And thwarted aims? Feel'st thou that thou art blind?
 Go unto Nature. Beauty, Joy and Use,
 Are severed but in man's philosophy.
 The rose does more than feed the honey-bee;
 Nothing dies in itself. Only unloose —
 In Christ, Creation's eye — thy filmy sight,
 And thou on earth shalt choose thy place aright.

V.

"AT THY RIGHT HAND ARE PLEASURES FOREVERMORE."—*Psalms 16 11.*

Without the smile of God upon the soul,
 We see not, and the world has lost its light;
 For us there is no quiet in the night,
 No beauty in the stars. The saffron stole
 Of morning, or the pomp of evening's goal,
 That celebrates Day's marriage with the Sea, —
 Blue distance, silver lake, hill, glen and tree, —
 Are sealed unto the spirit like a scroll
 Writ in a perished language. But a ray
 Upon this darkness suddenly may dart,
 And Christ's dear love be poured into the heart,
 To clothe Creation in a robe of day.
 Then doth the morning cheer, the night hath calm,
 And skies a glory, and the dews a balm.

VI.

"HIS BANNER OVER ME WAS LOVE."—*Cont.* 2:4.

He who loves best knows most. Then why should I
 Let my tired thoughts so far, so restless, run,
 In quest of knowledge underneath the sun,
 Or round about the wide-encircling sky?
 Nor earth nor heaven are read by scrutiny!
 But touch me with a Saviour's love divine,
 I pierce at once to wisdom's inner shrine,
 And my soul seeth all things like an eye.
 Then have I treasures, which to fence and heed
 Makes weakness bold and folly wisdom-strung,
 As doves are valorous to guard their young,
 And larks are wary from their nests to lead.
 Is there a riddle, and resolved you need it?
 Love — only love — and you are sure to read it!

REV. CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.

TRUE COURAGE.

ONWARDS! throw all terrors off!
 Slight the scorner, — scorn the scoff!
 In the race, and not the prize,
 Glory's true distinction lies.
 Triumph herds with meanest things, —
 Common robbers, vilest kings,
 'Midst the reckless multitude!
 But the generous, but the good,
 Stand in modesty alone,
 Still serenely struggling on,
 Planting peacefully the seeds
 Of bright hopes, and better deeds.

Mark the slowly-moving plough :
Is its day of victory *now* ?
It defiles the emerald sod,
'Whelms the flowers beneath the clod.
Wait the swiftly-coming hours, —
Fairer green and sweeter flowers,
Richer fruits, will soon appear,
Cornucopias of the year !

BOWRING.

THE THREE HOMES.

"WHERE is thy home ?" I asked a child,
Who in the morning air
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair.
"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side,
Where soft winds wander free."
O, blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers !

"Where is thy home ?" I asked of one
Who bent, with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild-wood's secret place.
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart ;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.

Ah! souls that well might soar above
 To earth will fondly cling,
 And build their hopes on human love,
 That light and fragile thing.

“Where is thy home, thou lonely man?”

I asked a pilgrim gray,
 Who came, with furrowed brow and wan,
 Slow musing on his way:
 He paused, and with a solemn mien
 Upturned his holy eyes, —

“The land I seek thou ne’er hast seen;

My home is in the skies!”

O, blessed, thrice blessed, the heart must be
 To whom such thoughts are given,
 That walks from worldly fetters free, —
 Its only home in heaven!

THE GOOD MAN'S EXIT.

SURE the last end

Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
 A life well-spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green!
 By unperceived degrees he wears away;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird
 That’s hampered, struggles hard to get away:
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded

To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, O, then
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of naught! O! how he longs
 To have his passport signed, and be dismissed!
 'Tis done! and now he's happy! — the glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrowned!

BLAIR.

 ODE.

There is some doubt whether this beautiful ode should be attributed to Andrew Marvell or to Joseph Addison. It was originally inserted in the *Spectator*, without the name of the author.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball?

What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing, as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine ! "

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
The south-west breezes play ;
And through its haze the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed angel of the north
Has dropped its icy spear ;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear. -

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The blue-bird in the meadow-brakes
Is singing with the brook.
" Bear up, O Mother Nature ! " cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;
" Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee ! "

So, in these winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,

And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers !

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
As ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all !

WHITTIER.

FAREWELL LIFE.

FAREWELL Life ! My senses swim,
And the world is growing dim :
Thronging shadows crowd the light,
Like the advent of the night ;
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward starts a vapor chill ;
Strong the earthly odor grows, —
I smell the mould above the rose !

Welcome Life ! The Spirit strives !
Strength returns, and hope revives ;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn, —
O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold, —
I smell the rose above the mould !

HOOD.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away ;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray ;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more ;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er ;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone ;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall ;
Hairs of my youth, I 'm content ye should fall ;
Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen ;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have ye been ;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray ;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay ?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past ;
Pains of my age, yet a while can ye last ;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight ;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light ;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod ;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

TUCKER.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

WITH sweet flowers opening on thy sight daily,
Sing as the birds sing, gladly and gayly.
Think not of autumn sere, winter's grim shadows ;
Sing as the birds sing over the meadows.

See what the hour reveals fairly and truly, —
Not what the cloud conceals, but the cloud duly.
Think every common day is a good granted ;
Hail every trial sent as a seed planted.

Paint not the tempest's hour till it close o'er thee;
Trust not to Fancy's power, — have it before thee.
Seen its aurora-gleams, felt its dark terror,
Then to thy work proceed, fearless of error.

God sendeth naught in vain, gladness or sorrow:
Strength giveth of its gain, weakness must borrow.
Tempest and summer rain give the tree stature;
Each one who skulks the pain narrows his nature.

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.”

O, DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep!
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again!

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny, —
Though, with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

BRYANT.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me :
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone !
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines ;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion !
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air ;
Voyager of light and noon ;
Epicurean of June ;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum, —
All without is martyrdom !

When the south-wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silters the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,

Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days and solid banks of flowers ;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found ;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Has my insect never seen ;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green-flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier roses, dwelt among.
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher !

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-eastern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep ;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

EMERSON.

THE BITTER GOURD.

LOKMAN the Wise, therefore the good (for wise
Is but sage good, seeing with final eyes),
Was slave once to a lord, jealous though kind,
Who, piqued sometimes at the man's master mind,
Gave him, one day, to see how he would treat
So strange a grace, a bitter gourd to eat.

With simplest reverence, and no surprise,
The sage received what stretched the donor's eyes ;
And piece by piece, as though it had been food
To feast and gloat on, every morsel chewed ;
And so stood eating, with his patient beard,
Till all the nauseous favor disappeared.

Vexed and confounded, and disposed to find
Some ground of scorn, on which to ease his mind,
" Lokman ! " exclaimed his master, — " in God's name,
How can a slave himself become so tame ?
Have all my favors been bestowed amiss ?
Or could not brains like thine have saved thee this ? "

Calmly stood Lokman still, as duty stands, —
“Have I received,” he answered, “at thine hands
Favors so sweet they went to mine heart’s root,
And could I not accept one bitter fruit?”
“O Lokman!” said his lord (and, as he spoke,
For very love his words in softness broke),
“Take but this favor yet: — be slave no more;
Be, as thou art, my friend and counsellor;
O, be; nor let me quit thee, self-abhorred; —
’Tis I that am the slave, and thou the lord.”

LEIGH HUNT.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome’s measureless content,
So my soul held that moment’s heaven;
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent:
The tent is struck, the vision stays;
I only know she came and went.

O, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

LOWELL.

REASONS FOR RISIBILITY.

SWEET COZ! I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry while I may;
For life's at most a narrow span,
At best a winter's day.
If care could make the sunbeam wear
A brighter, warmer hue,
The evening star shine out more fair,
The blue sky look *more* blue,
Then I should grow a graver man;
But, since 't is not the way,
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

If sighs could make us sin the less,
Perchance I were not glad;
If mourning were the sage's dress,
My garb should still be sad;
But, since the angels' wings are white,
And even the young saints smile, —
Since virtue wears a brow of light,
And vice a robe of guile, —
Since laughter is not under ban,
Nor goodness clad in gray,
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

I've seen a bishop dance a reel,
And a sinner fast and pray ;
A knave at top of fortune's wheel,
And a good man cast away.
Wine have I seen your grave ones quaff
Might set our fleet afloat,
But I never heard a *heartly* laugh
From out a villain's throat ;
And I never knew a mirthful man
Make sad a young maid's day ; —
So, coz ! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may !

FITZGERALD.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small, —
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.
The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow ;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.
The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night, —

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not, —
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth ;

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

MARY HOWITT.





HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with morn, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle,
As a libation !

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high !

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer !

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand ;
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned !

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky !

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the lone aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook !

Floral apostles ! that, in dewy splendor,
" Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime !

" Thou wast not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, " in robes like ours !
How vain your grandeur ! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers !"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
 With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, flowers ! though made for pleasure,
 Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night ;
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
 Yet fount of hope !

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection
 And second birth.

Were I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines !

HORACE SMITH.

ON POETRY.

With thine compared, O sovereign Poesy,
 Thy sister Arts' divided powers how faint !
 For each combines her attributes in thee,
 Whose voice is music, and whose words can paint.

TOWNSHEND.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are !
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far !

And why ? They are the last —
The last ! the last ! the last !
O ! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred, —
That sister of the past !

Pale flowers ! Pale, perishing flowers !
Ye're types of precious things ;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends),
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye ?

O, precious, precious moments !
Pale flowers ! ye're types of those ;

The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! Pale, perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath, —
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows: —
Tell me of change and death!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

GIVE.

“IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.”

Give prayers : the evening hath begun ;
Be earlier than the rising sun :
Remember those who feel the rod ;
Remember those who know not God.
His hand can boundless blessings give :
Breathe prayers ; through them the soul shall live.

Give alms : the needy sink with pain ;
The orphans mourn, the crushed complain.
Give freely : hoarded gold is curst,
A prey to robbers and to rust.
Christ, through his poor, a claim doth make ;
Give gladly, for thy Saviour's sake.

Give books : they live when you are dead ;
Light on the darkened mind they shed :
Good seed they sow, from age to age,
Through all this mortal pilgrimage.
They nurse the germs of holy trust ;
They wake untired when you are dust.

Give smiles to cheer the little child,
A stranger on this thorny wild ;
It bringeth love, its guard to be, —
It, helpless, asketh love from thee.
Howe'er by fortune's gifts unblest,
Give smiles to childhood's guileless breast.

Give words, kind words, to those who err ;
Remorse doth need a comforter.
Though in temptation's wiles they fall,
Condemn not, — we are sinners all.
With the sweet charity of speech,
Give words that heal, and words that teach.

Give thought, give energy, to themes
That perish not like folly's dreams.
Hark ! from the islands of the sea,
The missionary cries to thee ;
To aid him on a heathen soil,
Give thought, give energy, give toil.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE BETTER LAND.

" I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band ;
Mother ! O, where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"
" Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?

Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ? ”

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ? —
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ? ”

“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair, —
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child ! ”

MRS. HEMANS.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 “ Life is but an empty dream ! ”
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 “ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting ;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act, — act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time !

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth ;
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work and know it not ;
Long may the kindly impulse last !
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast !

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust ;

And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And Fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and
strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee; I myself commend
Unto thy guidance, from this hour;
O, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

WORDSWORTH.

SUMMER HEAT.

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, O, intermit thy wrath !
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce ! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night ;
Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.

Thrice happy he, who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crowned,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines ;
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedewed with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbage brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
And life shoots swift through all the lightened limbs.

THOMSON.

FORGIVENESS.

O, WRING the black drop from your heart,
Before you kneel in prayer !
You do but mock the Mercy Seat,
If hatred linger there.
How can you ask offended Heaven
To clear your soul's deep debt,
If 'neath your ban lies brother man ? —
Forgive, if not forget !

Remember, sons of earth are born
To sorrow and to sin ;
That poor and rich to dust return,
A few brief years within.
For guests that crowd round life's strange board
Joy's cups are thinly set ;
To poison them were fearful shame, —
Forgive, if not forget !

In error or in guiltiness
If men have wrought thee wrong,
From ways of wrath thy steps restrain,
In patience pass along.
Should retribution be thy right,
He will avenge thee yet,
Who mortal ill repayeth still, —
Forgive, if not forget !

How pleasant, when our orisons
We breathe at eventide,
To feel the heart untenanted
By anger or by pride !

O, blesséd are the merciful,
Whose hopes on high are set !
Like them, release thy soul in peace, —
Forgive, and thou 'lt forget !

KENNEDY.

HANNIBAL'S OATH.

AND the night was dark and calm,
There was not a breath of air ;
The leaves of the grove were still,
As the presence of death was there ; —

Only a moaning sound
Came from the distant sea ;
It was as if, like life,
It had no tranquillity.

A warrior and a child
Passed through the sacred wood,
Which, like a mystery,
Around the temple stood.

The warrior's brow was worn
With the weight of casque and plume,
And sun-burnt was his cheek,
And his eye and brow were gloom.

The child was young and fair,
But the forehead large and high,
And the dark eyes' flashing light,
Seemed to feel their destiny.

They entered in the temple,
And stood before the shrine ;

It streamed with the victim's blood,
With incense and with wine.

The ground rocked beneath their feet,
The thunder shook the dome ;
But the boy stood firm, and swore
Eternal hate to Rome.

There 's a page in history
O'er which tears of blood were wept,
And that page is the record
How that oath of hate was kept.

MISS LONDON.

MAN.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure ;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed ;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind,
In their descent and being ; to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty :
Waters united are our navigation ;
Distinguished, our habitation ;
Below, our drink ; above, our meat ;

Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O, mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since, then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, O, dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee, at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee;
And both thy servants be.

HERBERT.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee; —
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth that show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

CORONACH.*

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The fount, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow ;
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory ;
The autumn winds, rushing,
Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

* Funeral song.

Fleet foot on the corei,*
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

SCOTT.

A PRAYER.

LIKE the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard. Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
When the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lone, communing with my God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to Thee! that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of Thy awful name!

O, all-pervading Spirit! sacred beam!
Parent of life and light! Eternal power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of Thy bright essence, in my dying hour!

BECKFORD.

* The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.



DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

“AY, warrior, arm! and wear thy plume
 On a proud and fearless brow!
 I am the lord of the lonely tomb,
 And a mightier one than thou!

“Bid thy soul’s love farewell, young chief,
 Bid her a long farewell!
 Like the morning’s dew shall pass that grief,—
 Thou comest with me to dwell!

“Thy bark may rush through the foaming deep,
 Thy steed o’er the breezy hill;
 But they bear thee on to a place of sleep
 Narrow, and cold, and chill!”

“Was the voice I heard *thy* voice, O Death?
 And is thy day so near?
 Then on the field shall my life’s last breath
 Mingle with victory’s cheer!

" Banners shall float, with the trumpet's note,
Above me as I die !

And the palm-tree wave o'er my noble grave,
Under the Syrian sky.

" High hearts shall burn in the royal hall,
When the minstrel names that spot ;
And the eyes I love shall weep my fall, —
Death, Death ! I fear thee not !"

" Warrior ! thou bearest a haughty heart !
But I can bend its pride !
How should'st thou know that thy soul will part
In the hour of victory's tide ?

" It may be far from thy steel-clad bands,
That I shall make thee mine ;
It may be lone on the desert sands,
Where men for fountains pine !

" It may be deep, amidst heavy chains,
In some strong Paynim hold ;
I have slow, dull steps, and lingering pains,
Wherewith to tame the bold !"

" Death, Death ! I go to a doom unblest,
If this indeed must be ;
But the cross is bound upon my breast,
And I may not shrink for thee !

" Sound, clarion, sound ! — for my vows are given
To the cause of the holy shrine ;
I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,
O Death ! and not to thine !"

MRS. HEMANS.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if, without feeble fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air,
 At evening, in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
 News of dear friends, and children who have never
 Been dead indeed, as we shall know forever.
 Alas! we think not that we daily see
 About our hearths angels that *are* to be,
 Or may be, if they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air, —
 A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
 In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
 In happiness compared to thee?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup doth fill;
 'T is filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king!
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants, belong to thee;

All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy ;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year !
Thee Phoebus loves, and does inspire ;
Phoebus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect ! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know ;
But, when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

COWLEY.

THE AUTHOR'S LAST VERSES.

You 've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being ;
How much I thank you, none can say.
Save only the All-seeing.

May he who gave this lovely gift,
This love of lovely doings,
Be with you wheresoe'er you go,
In every hope's pursuings !

I'm going through the eternal gates,
Ere June's sweet roses blow !
Death's lovely angel leads me there,
And it is sweet to go.

MRS. OSGOOD.

A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

FAREWELL TO RIVILIN.

BEAUTIFUL river ! goldenly shining
Where with thee cistus and woodbines are twining
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee),
Rivilin wildest ! do I not love thee ?

Why do I love thee, heart-breaking river ?
Love thee and leave thee, — leave thee forever ?
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee !
Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me !

Never to hail thee, joyfully chiming,
Beauty is music, sister of Wiming !
Playfully mingling laughter and sadness,
Ribbledin's sister, sad in thy gladness.

Why must I leave thee, mournfully sighing
Man is a shadow ? River undying !
Dreamlike he passeth, cloud-like he wasteth,
E'en as a shadow over thee hasteth.

O, when thy poet, weary, reposes,
Cofined in slander, far from thy roses,
Tell all thy pilgrims, heart-breaking river,
Tell them I loved thee, — love thee forever !

Yes, for the spirit blooms ever vernal ;
River of beauty ! love is eternal ;
While the rock reeleth, storm-struck and riven,
Safe is the fountain flowing from heaven.

There wilt thou hail me, joyfully chiming,
Beauty is music, sister of Wiming !
Homed with the angels, hasten to greet me,
Glad is the heath-flower, glowing to meet thee.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

THE WINDS.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago ;
Ye bore the murmuring bee ; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow ;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue ;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew ;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

How are ye changed ! Ye take the cataract's sound ;
Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might ;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground ;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you shoot like eagles past ;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast ;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast
Skyward the whirling fragments out of sight.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
To scape your wrath ; ye seize and dash them dead.
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain ;
The harvest field becomes a river's bed ;

And torrents tumble from the hills around ;
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned ;
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

Ye dart upon the deep ; and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray :
Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray.
See ! to the breaking mast the sailor clings ;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

Why rage ye thus ? — no strife for liberty
Has made you mad ; no tyrant, strong through fear,
Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them free,
And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere :
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow ;
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go ;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

O, ye wild winds ! a mightier Power than yours
In chains upon the shore of Europe lies ;
The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes ;
And armed warriors all around him stand,
And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

Yet O ! when that wronged Spirit of our race
Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,

And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
 Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
 Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
 To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
 To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair
 Unconscious breast with blood from human veins !

But may he like the spring-time come abroad,
 Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
 When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
 Come spouting up the unsealed springs to light ;
 Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
 The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
 And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
 Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

BRYANT

SONNET TO WORDSWORTH.

THERE have been poets that in verse display
 The elemental forms of human passions :
 Poets have been, to whom the fickle fashions,
 And all the wilful humors of the day,
 Have furnished matter for a polished lay :
 And many are the smooth elaborate tribe
 Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
 And fain would every shifting hue portray,
 Of restless Nature. But thou, mighty seer !
 'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
 The life of souls ; the truths for whose sweet sake
 We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
 Of Nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
 Where most she works when we perceive her least.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

H

ADORATION AMID NATURAL SCENES.

How beautiful this dome of sky !
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At Thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these ? Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice ;
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here ; where Thou hast built,
For Thy own glory, in the wilderness.

Me didst Thou constitute a priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for Thy presence ; therefore am I bound
To worship, here, — and everywhere, — as one
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
From childhood up, the ways of poverty ;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued. By Thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched ;
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From Paradise transplanted ; wintry age
Impends ; the frost will gather round my heart ;
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead !

Come, labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath ; come, disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense ;
But leave me unabated trust in Thee ;
And let Thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things, —

Father of heaven and earth ! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.

And what are things eternal ? Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat :
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists ; — immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies,
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not :
Of other converse, which mind, soul and heart,
Do with united urgency require,
What more, that may not perish ? Thou, dread Source,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,
That, in the scale of being, fill their place,
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained ; — Thou, — who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity a while
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed, —
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us daily to the powers of sense,
And reason's steadfast rule, — Thou, Thou alone
Art everlasting.

This universe shall pass away, — a work
Glorious, because the shadow of Thy might, —
A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee.
Ah ! if the time must come, in which my feet

No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned mind
May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.

If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still it may be allowed me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul,
In youth, were mine ; when, stationed on the top
Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld
The sun rise up, from distant climes returned,
Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day,
His bounteous gift ! or saw him towards the deep
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended ! Then my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude ;
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light,
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

WORDSWORTH.

“O ! STEAL NOT THOU MY FAITH AWAY.”

O ! STEAL not thou my faith away,
Nor tempt to doubt a lowly mind ;
Make all that earth can yield thy prey,
But leave this heavenly gift behind.

Our hope is but the sea-boy's dream,
When loud winds rise in wrath and gloom ;
Our life, — a faint and fitful beam,
That lights us to the cold, dark tomb.

Yet since, as one from heaven has said,

There lies beyond that dreary bourn

A region where the faithful dead

Eternally forget to mourn, —

Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,

The burning waste, the black abyss ;

I shrink not from that path of pain

Which leads me to that world of bliss.

Then hush, thou troubled heart ! be still ;

Renounce thy vain philosophy ;

Seek thou to work thy Maker's will,

And light from Heaven shall break on thee.

'T will glad thee in the weary strife,

Where strong men sink with failing breath ;

'T will cheer thee in the noon of life,

And bless thee in the night of death.

LYONS.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

LORD ! who art merciful, as well as just,

• Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust !

Not what I would, O Lord ! I offer thee,

Alas ! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me man,

And bade me look to heaven, for thou art there,

Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.

Four things, which are not in thy treasury,

I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition : —

My nothingness, my wants,

My sins, and my contrition.

SOUTHEY.

APRIL.

'T is the noon of the spring-time, but never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or maple is heard.
For green meadow-grasses, wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow !
Where wild-flower and violet, amber and white,
By south-sloping brook-sides should smile in the light,
O'er the cold winter beds of their late-waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots.
And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine-wood, the ground-laurel creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers !
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south,
The touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth ;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,—
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod !
Up our long river valley for days has not ceased
The wail and the shriek of the bitter north-east,
Raw and chill as if winnowed through ices and snow
All the way from the land of the wild Esquimaux. '
O, soul of the spring-time, its balm and its breath !
O, light of its darkness, and life of its death !
Why wait we thy coming ? why linger so long
The warmth of thy breathing, the voice of thy song ?
Renew the great miracle ! let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise as of old !
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,
Awake with the warmth and the brightness again,
And in blooming of flower, and budding of tree,

The symbols and types of our destiny see, —
The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the soul !

WHITTIER.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

THY memory as a spell
Of love comes o'er my mind ;
As dew upon the purple bell,
As perfume on the wind,
As music on the sea,
As sunshine on the river,
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be forever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossomed in the eyes of men,
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thralldom free ;
Yet 't is not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth ;
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free
Thou utteredst in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

ROBERT MACNISH.

SIGNALS OF LIBERTY.

WEEP not that Time
Is passing on! — it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward, with his night of clouds,
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM, — and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her western home;
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood, —
And "FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
Of nations, starting from the spell of years.
The day-spring! — see! 'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign;
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free,

And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas
 That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
 Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
 And life are on the wing! — Yon glorious bow
 Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
 Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch,
 A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
 Tells that the many storms of human life
 Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
 Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
 Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

G. D. PRENTICE.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow,
 Yet doth she fondly cling to life, and say,
 "I am content to die, — but O! not now! —
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath! —
 Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow;
 I am content to die, — but O! not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer time;
 The season's viewless boundary is past;
 The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime;
 O! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
 "Let me not perish while o'er land and sea
 With silent steps the Lord of light moves on;

Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greeted my dull ear with music in its tone !
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow ;
I am content to die, — but O ! not now ! ”

Summer is gone ; and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn ;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds the eager horn.
“ Spare me a while, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream ;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam !
Cooler the breezes play around my brow ;
I am content to die, — but O ! not now ! ”

The bleak wind whistles ; snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground ;
Autumn hath passed away ; and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound ;
Yet still that prayer ascends : “ O ! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd ;
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud :
Spare me a while ! raise up my drooping brow !
I am content to die, — but O ! not now ! ”

The spring is come again, — the joyful spring !
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread ;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing : —
The child of earth is numbered with the dead !
“ Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane ;

The steps of friends thy slumber may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !
Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow :
Why didst thou linger ? — thou art happier now ! ”

MRS. NORTON.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze, —
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen !
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And, O ! when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentiles' scorn ;
No censor round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trumpet and horn.
But Thou hast said, — "The blood of goats,
The flesh of lambs, I will not prize ;
A contrite heart and humble thoughts
Are my accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

THEY tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,
That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by
thy side ;
And I think I hear thy mother's sigh, thy father's calmer
tone,
As they give thee to another's arms, — their beautiful,
their own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelids have been wet.
And it always seemed to me as though a joyous crowd were
met
To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing
Lay aside her maiden gladness, — for a name, — and for a
ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts
thy love,
And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above ;
Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy
brow
Perchance a mother's look of care, for that which decks it
now.

And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy
mild

And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,
O! how mournfully, how mournfully, the thought comes
o'er my brain,

When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and girlish
thing again!

I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my
lay,

And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the
May;

But it may not be! — within my breast all frozen are the
springs,

The murmur dies upon the lip, the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me, in my rest,
That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy
guest,

That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose evening shall
go down,

Like the evening in the eastern clime, that never knows a
frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath pressed
thy hand,

When those thou lov'st and those that love thee weeping
round thee stand,

O! may the rhyme that friendship weaves, like a spirit of
the air,

Be o'er thee at that moment, for a blessing and a prayer!

FITZGERALD.



BEAUTY, WIT AND GOLD.

In a bower a widow dwelt ;
At her feet three suitors knelt ;
Each adored the widow much,
Each essayed her heart to touch ;
One had wit, and one had gold,
And one was cast in beauty's mould ; —
Guess which was it won the prize,
Purse, or tongue, or handsome eyes ?

First appeared the handsome man,
Proudly peeping o'er her fan ;
Red his lips, and white his skin, —
Could such beauty fail to win ?
Then stepped forth the man of gold ;
Cash he counted, coin he told,
Wealth the burden of his tale, —
Could such golden projects fail ?

Then the man of wit and sense
Woody her with his eloquence.
Now she blushed, she knew not why ;
Now she heaved th' unconscious sigh ;

Then she smiled, to hear him speak ;
Then the tear was on her cheek ; —
Beauty, vanish ! Gold, depart !
WIT has won the widow's heart !

TO MY PIANOFORTE.

O, FRIEND, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine !
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Outvalues thee :
Love only, wakened by a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
With grief or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice.
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And Memory dear ;
And Sorrow, with his tightened breast,
Comes for a tear.

O ! since no joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice blessed be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find :
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,
Thine answers kind.

SONG OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

NEAR thee, still near thee! — o'er thy pathway gliding,
Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;
Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,
Yet viewless love floats round thee silently!

Not 'midst the festal throng,
In halls of mirth and song,
But when thy thoughts are deepest,
When holy tears thou weapest,
Know then *that* love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-strings creeping,
Or the sea-music on the sounding shore,
Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping,
Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;

When every thought and prayer
We loved to breathe and share,
On thy full heart returning,
Shall wake its voiceless yearning,
Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee! — trust thy soul's deep dreaming,
— O! love is not an earthly rose to die!
Even when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,
Thine image wanders with me through the sky.

The fields of air are free,
Yet lonely, wanting thee;
But when thy chains are falling,
When heaven its own is calling,
Know then thy guide is nigh!

MRS. HEMANS.

HELVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful dog, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
 wide ;
 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
 And, starting around me, the echoes replied.
 On the right Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
 bending,
 And Catchédicam its left verge was defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had
 died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
 Where the pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
 Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
 For faithful in death his mute favorite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ?
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
 start ?
 How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?

And O! was it meet, that, — no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him, —
Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
• The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When 'wildered he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchédicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FAITH.

YE who think the truth ye sow
Lost beneath the winter's snow,
Doubt not, Time's unerring law
Yet shall bring the genial thaw.
God in nature ye can trust, —
Is the God of mind less just?

Read we not the mighty thought
 Once by ancient sages taught?
 Though it withered in the blight
 Of the mediæval night,
 Now the harvest we behold;
 See! it bears a thousand fold.

Workers on the barren soil,
 Yours may seem a thankless toil;
 Sick at heart with hope deferred,
 Listen to the cheering word:
 Now the faithful sower grieves;
 Soon he'll bind his golden sheaves.

If Great Wisdom have decreed
 Man may labor, yet the seed
 Never in this life shall grow,
 Shall the sower cease to sow?
 The fairest fruit may yet be born
 On the resurrection morn!

FRITZ AND LEOLETT.

GOD.

The following majestic ode to the Deity is from the Russian of Derzhavine,
 translated by Bowring.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
 Thou only God! there is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
 Who fill'st existence with *thyself* alone;
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er, —
 Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, may count
The sands or the sun's rays ; but, God ! for thee
There is no weight nor measure ; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries ; reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark ;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence ; Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation ; all
Sprang forth from thee, of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin ; all life, all beauty, thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath !
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death !
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee ;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?

A glorious company of golden streams?

Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright?

Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams? —

But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,

All this magnificence in thee is lost;

What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?

And what am *I*, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed

In all the glory of sublimest thought,

Is but an atom in the balance, weighed

Against thy greatness, — is a cipher brought

Against infinity! What am *I*, then? — Naught.

Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,

Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;

Yes! in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine,

As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

Naught! — but I live, and on hope's pinions fly

Eager toward thy presence; for in thee .

I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,

Even to the throne of thy divinity.

I am, O God, and surely *thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all. Thou art!

Direct my understanding, then, to thee;

Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;

Though but an atom 'mid immensity,

Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,

On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit-land !

The chain of being is complete in me ;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit, — deity !
I can command the lightning, and am dust !
A monarch, and a slave ! a worm, a god !
Whence came I here, and how ? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived ! unknown ? this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy ?
For from itself alone it could not be !

Creator, yes ! thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me*, thou source of life and good !
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source, — to thee, — its Author there.

O thought ineffable ! O vision blest !
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to the Deity.
God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good !
'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore !
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all, —
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

LONGFELLOW.

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn ?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still ;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor, indeed, thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw ;

If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe ;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own ;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give ;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright ?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine ;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier, — all the world is thine !

Yet, if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself, thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy worth are gone.

Nature wears the colors of the spirit ;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings ;
All the glow, the grace, she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW



THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

The incidents which gave rise to these lines occurred in 1822, on the Green Mountains of Vermont. The mother was a Mrs. Blake.

THE cold winds swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child :
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow ;
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
" O God ! " she cried, in accents wild,
" If I must perish, save my child ! "

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm ;

And round her child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss a tear she shed,
And sank upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller came by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil ;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold and hard and pale.
He moved the robe that wrapped the child, —
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled !

THE FACTORY CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

The day was fair, the cannon roared,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston mills by thousands poured
Their little captives forth.
All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free ;
And sang a song with voices sweet, —
They sang of liberty !

But from their lips the rose had fled ;
Like "death-in-life" they smiled ;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
"Alas ! is that a child ?"
Flags waved, — and men, a ghastly crew,
Marched with them side by side ;
While hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved, a living tide.

Thousands and thousands, — O, so white !
With eyes so glazed and dull, —

Alas ! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful ;
And, O ! the pang their voices gave
Refuses to depart !
“ This is a wailing for the grave ! ”
I whispered to my heart.

It was as if, where roses blushed,
A sudden, blasting gale
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
And turned the roses pale ;
It was as if in glen and grove
The wild birds sadly sung,
And every linnet mourned its love,
And every thrush its young.

It was as if in dungeon-gloom,
Where chained Despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymned the passing wind.
And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groaned heavily,
“ O, who would *be* or *have* a child !
A mother who would be ! ”

ELLIOT.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

How shall a man fore-doomed to lone estate,
Untimely old, irreverently gray,
Much like a patch of dusky snow in May,
Dead sleeping in a hollow, all too late, —
How shall so poor a thing congratulate
The blest completion of a patient wooing,

Or how commend a younger man for doing
What ne'er to do hath been his fault or fate?
There is a fable that I once did read,
Of a bad angel that was someway good,
And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood,
Looking each way, and no way could proceed;
Till at the last he purged away his sin
By loving all the joy he saw within.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view! —
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it!
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
That moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well!

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well!

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
 Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from that loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well!

WOODWORTH.

IMMORTALITY.

AND with our frames do perish all our loves?
 Do those that took their root, and put forth buds,
 And their soft leaves unfolded, in the warmth
 Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
 Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?
 Are thoughts and passions, that to the tongue give speech,
 And make it send forth winning harmonies, —
 That to the cheek do give its living glow,
 And vision in the eye the soul intense
 With that for which there is no utterance, —
 Are these the body's accidents? — no more? —
 To live in it, and, when that dies, go out,
 Like the burnt taper's flame?

O! listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it unto our souls; according harps,
 By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality :
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O ! listen, ye, our spirits ; drink it in
From all the air. 'T is in the gentle moonlight ;
'T is floating 'midst Day's setting glories ; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears :
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it ; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

DANA.

ONLY THINE.

O, HAND of bounty, largely spread,
By whom our every want is fed !
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord, to thee ; —
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all thy gifts, and only thine.

The stream thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread thy blessing multiplied ;
The stormy wind, the 'whelming flood,
That silent at thy mandate stood,

How well they knew thy voice divine,
Whose works they were, and only thine!

Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to thy word and will,
We seek thy daily mercy still ;
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And thine we are, and only thine.

HEBER.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows ;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,

Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine, —

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

HEBER.

DREAMS.

O ! THERE is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again ;
'T is a vision of light, of life, and truth,
That flits across the brain ;
And love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after years, I deem,
That early dream we rue.

O ! there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far ;
'T is a vision of blood and of woman's tears,
For the theme of that dream is war ;
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath,
That vanisheth away.

O ! there is a dream of hoary age ;
'T is a vision of gold in store, —
Of sums noted down on a figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er ;

And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
 As a refuge from grief and pain,
 Till our limbs are laid on that last, dark bed
 Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus from man's birth to his grave,
 In the path which we all are treading?
 Is there naught in his long career to save
 From remorse and self-upbraiding?
 O yes, there's a dream, so pure, so bright,
 That the being to whom it is given
 Hath bathed in a sea of living light, —
 And the theme of that dream is Heaven!

HYMN FOR ONE DEPARTED.

FIRST VOICE.

O, BEAUTIFUL the streams
 That through our valleys run,
 Singing and dancing in the gleams
 Of summer's cloudless sun!
 The sweetest of them all
 From its fairy banks is gone;
 And the music of the water-fall
 Hath left the silent stone!

Up among the mountains,
 In soft and mossy cell,
 By the silent springs and fountains,
 The happy wild-flowers dwell.
 The queen-rose of the wilderness
 Hath withered in the wind,
 And the shepherds see no loveliness
 In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves
With many a beauteous wing ;
When happy in their harmless loves,
How tenderly they sing !
O'er all the rest was heard
One wild and mournful strain, —
But hushed is the voice of that hymning bird,
She ne'er must sing again !

Bright through the yew-tree's gloom,
I saw a sleeping dove !
On the silence of her silvery plume,
The sunlight lay in love ;
The grove seemed all her own
Round the beauty of that breast, —
But the startled dove afar is flown,
Forsaken is her nest !

In yonder forest wide
A flock of wild deer lies,
Beauty breathes o'er each tender side,
And shades their peaceful eyes !
The hunter in the night
Hath singled out the doe,
In whose light the mountain flock lay bright,
Whose hue was like the snow !

A thousand stars shine forth
With pure and dewy ray,
Till by night the mountains of our north
Seem gladdening in the day :
O, empty all the heaven,
Though a thousand lights be there, —

For clouds o'er the evening star have driven,
And shorn her golden hair !

SECOND VOICE.

What, though the stream be dead, —
Its banks all still and dry !
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed
In the air-groves of the sky.
What, though our prayers from death
The queen-rose might not save !
With brighter bloom and balmier breath
She springeth from the grave.

What, though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim !
In heaven I see her glancing bright,
I hear her angel hymn.
What, though the dark tree smile
No more with our dove's calm sleep !
She folds her wing on a sunny isle
In heaven's untroubled deep !.

True that our beauteous doe
Hath left her still retreat, —
But purer now in heavenly snow
She lies at Jesus' feet.
O star untimely set !
Why should we weep for thee ?
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea !

HAPPINESS.

ONE morning in the month of May,
I wandered o'er the hill ;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny to man's estate
The boon of happiness ?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blesséd birds around,
In which of nature's wide domains
Can bliss for man be found !

The birds wild carolled overhead,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said
No bliss for man she knew.

I questioned Love, whose early ray
So rosy bright appears,
And heard the timid genius say
His light was dimmed by tears.

I questioned Friendship : Friendship sighed,
And thus her answer gave : —
The few whom fortune never turned
Were withered in the grave.

I asked if Vice could bliss bestow ?
Vice boasted loud and well,
But, fading from her withered brow,
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of Feeling, if her skill
Could soothe the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint and still,
For others' woes distressed.

I questioned Virtue ; Virtue sighed,
No boon could she dispense ;
Nor Virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble Penitence.

I questioned Death, — the grisly shade
Relaxed his brow severe ;
And " I am happiness," he said,
" If Virtue guides thee here."

HEBER.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTS have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust :
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn, indeed,
And for a time insure, to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;

But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew
— No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song :
And History, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, — " My father made them all."

COWPER.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and window wide :
Careless tenants they !
All within is dark as night :
In the windows is no light ;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Come away : no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away : for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell ;
But in a city glorious, —
A great and distant city, — they have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us !

—————
TENNYSON.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
And, sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love, —
The star of love and dreams ?
O no ! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day, —
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy!

HOOD.

THE TRANQUIL MIND.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er, —
So calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries ;
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new lights through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

" You are old, Father William," the young man cried ;
" The few locks which are left you are gray ;
" You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

" In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
" I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,

"And pleasures with youth pass away ;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I remembered that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,

"And life must be hastening away ;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death ;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied ;

"Let the cause thy attention engage ;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

SOUTHEY.

TOO LATE I STAID.

Too late I staid ; forgive the crime ;
Unheeded flew the hours ;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass ?

Ah ! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings ?

SPENCER.



THE LYRE AND SWORD.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF KORNER.

Charles Theodore Korner, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, "The Sword Song." He was buried at the village of Wobbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast iron; and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword, a favorite emblem of Korner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial-place. The above cut is from the design on the tomb of Korner.

GREEN wave the oak forever o'er thy rest,
 Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
 And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
 Thy place of memory as an altar keepest;
 Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
 Thou of the Lyre and Sword!

Rest, bard! rest, soldier! — By the father's hand
 Here shall the child of after years be led,

With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and bard ! for thou thy path hast trod
With freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial-rite ;
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee ;
And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they vailed their drooping banners o'er thee ;
And the deep guns, with rolling peal, gave token
That Lyre and Sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb ; — a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying, —
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother, true friend ! the tender and the brave, —
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others ; but for *her*,
To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She loved thee ! — lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy : — what hath she ? —
Her own blest place by thee !

It was thy spirit, brother, which had made
The bright earth glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played.
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky.
Ye were but two, — and when that spirit passed,
Woe to the one, the last !

Woe, yet not long ! — She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast,
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her ere she went to rest,—
Too sad a smile ! its living light was o'er ;
It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled ;
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted ?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead !
Softly she perished ; — be the Flower deplored
Here with the Lyre and Sword !

Have ye not met ere now ? — So let those trust
That meet for moments but to part for years ;
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust, —
That love, where love is but a fount of tears.
Brother ! sweet sister ! peace around ye dwell : —
Lyre, Sword and Flower, farewell !

MRS. HEMANS

THE FLIGHT OF FAITH.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle wanderers roam ;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To wing my course to Thee ;
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings !

MOORE.

THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place —
O to abide in the desert with the !

HOGG.

BLESSING OF A CONCEALED FUTURE.

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O, blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never Is, but always To be blest :
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come !

POPE.

LYCIDAS.

In the monody of Lycidas, the author bewails a learned friend, drowned in his passage on the Irish seas, 1637. The extracts here given will serve as introductory to the study of the whole monody.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries, harsh and crude,
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due ;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime, —
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer !
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove á-field, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone !
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze ;
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white thorn blows ; —
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me ! I fondly dream !
Had ye been there — for what could that have done ?
What could the Muse herself, that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears :
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil,
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies ;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ; —
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more !
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves ;
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

MILTON.

THE ALPINE STORM.

THE sky is changed ! — and such a change ! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong ;
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night : — Most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 't is black, — and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted ;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed : —
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters, war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus has cleft his way,
The mightiest of storms hath ta'en his stand :

For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around ; of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings, — as if he did understand
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, rivers, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be,
Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests ! is the goal ?
Are ye like those within the human breast ?
Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

BYRON.

FOR COMFORT IN DEATH.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm tost about,
Either with despair or doubt,—
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thée I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE SERVIAN YOUTH TO A TRAVELLER

O LEAVE me ! O leave me !
My wants are supplied, and my steed is the fleetest
That dwells in our vales ; and my love is the sweetest,
The sweetest of maidens ! O leave me !
You do not, you cannot, deceive me !

You say there are brighter
And richer domains than the land of our tillage,
And cities to which our Belgrade is a village :
But go to my love and invite her ;
Will your lands and your cities delight her ?

O no ! she will tell thee
That the place of our birth of all places is dearest,
That the heart curls its tendrils round that which is nearest ;
She will smile at thy tales of the wealthy,
And to shame and to silence compel thee.

Then go, thou false rover !
We will cling to the scenes which our infancy clung to,
We will sing the old songs which our fathers have sung too ;
To our country be true as a lover,
Till its green sod our ashes shall cover !

MY BIRTH-DAY.

“ My Birth-day ! ” — what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears !
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears !

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old ;
And, as Youth counts the shining links
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said, — “ Were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.”
Ah, 't is not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birth-days speaks, to me !
Far otherwise, — of time it tells
Lavished unwisely, carelessly ;

Of counsel mocked ; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines ;
Of nursing many a wrong desire ;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire,
That crossed my pathway, for his star ; —
All this it tells, and, could I trace
The imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface,
The light and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay !
How quickly all should melt away ! —
All, but that freedom of the mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me ;
Those friendships in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly ;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy, round !

MOORE.

VENI CREATOR.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee !

O, source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete ! *
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire !
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing !

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy !
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts :
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And, when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way !

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by thee !

* Paraclete, from two Greek words, meaning to *call*, is the title given, in the original Greek of the New Testament, to the Holy Spirit, by our Saviour, — John 14 : 16. The word is translated *comforter*.

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name !
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee !

DRYDEN.

GLIMPSES OF FUTURE LIFE.

DEAR, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just !
Shining nowhere but in the dark !
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

TO LITTLE MARY.

I'm bidden, little Mary,
To write verses unto thee :
I'd fain obey the bidding,
If it rested but with me ;
But the mistresses I'm bound to
(Nine ladies hard to please),

Of all their stores poetic
So closely keep the keys,
'Tis only now and then,
By good luck, as we may say,
A couplet or a rhyme or two
Falls fairly in my way.

Fruit forced is never half so sweet
As that comes quite in season ;
But some folks must be satisfied
With rhyme, in spite of reason ;
So, Muses, all befriend me, —
Albeit of help so chary, —
To string the pearls of poesy
For loveliest little Mary.

And yet, ye pagan damsels,
Not over-fond am I
To invoke your haughty favors,
Your fount of Castaly.
I've sipped a purer fountain ;
I've decked a holier shrine ;
I own a mightier mistress ;
O Nature, thou art mine !

And only to that well-head,
Sweet Mary, I'll resort,
For just an artless verse or two, —
A simple strain, and short, —
Befitting well a pilgrim
Way-worn with care and strife, —
To offer thee, young traveller,
In the morning track of life.

There's many a one will tell thee

'T is all with roses gay ;

There's many a one will tell thee

'T is thorny all the way.

Deceivers are they every one,

Dear child, who thus pretend :

God's ways are not unequal ;

Make him thy trusted Friend,

And many a path of pleasantness

He'll clear away for thee,

However dark and intricate

The labyrinth may be.

I need not wish thee beauty,

I need not wish thee grace ;

Already both are budding

In that infant form and face,

I *will not* wish thee grandeur,

I *will not* wish thee wealth ;

But only a contented heart,

Peace, competence, and health ;

Fond friends to love thee dearly,

And honest friends to chide,

And faithful ones to cleave to thee,

Whatever may betide.

And now, my little Mary,

If better things remain

Unheeded in my blindness,

Unnoticed in my strain,

I'll sum them up succinctly

In "English undefiled," —

My mother-tongue's best benison, —

God bless thee, precious child !



SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved sleep. — *Psalm 127 : 2.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is
 For gift or grace, surpassing this, —
 "He giveth His beloved, sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved, —
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep, —
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse, —
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
 "He giveth *His* beloved, sleep!"

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith, all undisproved, —
 A little dust, to overweep, —
 And bitter memories, to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake!
 "He giveth *His* beloved, sleep!"

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams, that through the eyelids creep.

But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
“He giveth *His* beloved, sleep!”

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delv'd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And “giveth *His* beloved, sleep!”

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still;
Though on its slope men sow and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
“He giveth *His* beloved, sleep!”

Yea, men may wonder, while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed, in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, — and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*, —
“He giveth *His* beloved, sleep!”

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,
Would now its weary vision close, —
Would, childlike, on *His* love repose,
Who “giveth *His* beloved, sleep!”

And friends! — dear friends! — when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, " Not a tear must o'er her fall, —
 ' He giveth His belovéd, sleep ! ' "

MRS. BROWNING.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !
 Whose passions not his masters are,
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the worldly care
 Of public fame, or private breath !
 Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;
 Who hath his life from rumors freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;
 Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend ; —
 This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

WOTTON.

MOONLIGHT.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold !
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKESPEARE.

STRENGTH FROM ABOVE.

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enrolled,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought ;
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

MILTON

A SONG OF CONTRADICTIONS.

THE Passions, in festival meeting,
I saw seated round, in a dream ;
And vow, by my hatred of cheating,
The Passions are not what they seem.
There's mirth under faces the gravest,
There's woe under visages droll ;
There's fear in the breast of the bravest,
And light in the desolate soul.

Thus Joy, in my singular vision,
Sat sobbing and gnashing his teeth ;
While Gentleness scoffed in derision,
And Hope picked the buds from his wreath.
Despair, her tight bodice unlacing,
With laughter seemed ready to die ;
And Hate, her companions embracing,
Won each with a smile or a sigh.

Then Peace bellowed louder and louder,
For Freedom, sent off to the hulks ;
Fear sat on a barrel of powder,
And Pleasure stood by in the sulks.
Here Dignity shoots like a rocket
Past Grace, who is rolling in fat ;
There Probity's picking a pocket,
Here Pity sits skinning a cat.

Then Temperance, reeling off quite full,
Charged Friendship with drugging her draught ;
She vowed it was Love that was spiteful,
While Charity, blaming *all*, laughed ;

When Rage, with the blandest expression,
And Vengeance, low-voiced like a child,
Cried, " Mercy, forgive the transgression !"
But Mercy looked horribly wild.

Old Wisdom was worshipping Fashion,
And Jollity dozing in gloom ;
While Meekness was foaming with passion,
And Misery danced round the room.
Sweet Envy tripped off to her garret,
Bright Malice smiled worthy of trust,
Gay Want was enjoying his claret,
And Luxury gnawed a dry crust.

At Pride, as she served up the dinner,
Humility turned up her nose ;
Suspicion shook hands with each sinner,
While Candor shunned all, as her foes.
There's mirth under faces the gravest,
There's woe under visages droll ;
There's fear in the breast of the bravest,
There's light in the desolate soul.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation !
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly !
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation ;
Strong is the word of God to succor thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse slowly, slowly bear him :
Hide his pale features with the sable pall :
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him :
Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our weeping?

Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed?

"Set down the bier, — he is not dead, but sleeping.

Young man, arise!" He spake, and was obeyed.

Change, then, O sad one, grief to exultation;

Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.

Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation,

Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

HEBER.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,

Plying her needle and thread.

Stitch, — stitch, — stitch, —

In poverty, hunger and dirt,

And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,

She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work, — work, — work, —

While the cock is crowing aloof!

And work, — work, — work, —

Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's O! to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,

Where woman has never a soul to save,

If this is Christian work!

"Work, — work, — work, —

Till the brain begins to swim;

Work, — work, — work, —

Till the eyes are heavy and dim.

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep.
And sew them on in my dream.

“ O, men with sisters dear !
O, men with mothers and wives .
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch, — stitch, — stitch, —
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

“ But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone ?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own !
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep.
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work, — work, — work, —
My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags ;
A shattered roof, and this naked floor ;
A table, a broken chair ;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

“ Work, — work, — work, —
From weary chime to chime ;

Work, — work, — work, —
As prisoners work, for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“ Work, — work, — work, —
In the dull December night,
And work, — work, — work, —
When the weather is warm and bright ;
While underneath the eaves,
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

“ O but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet !
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal !

“ O, but for one short hour !
A respite, however brief !
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,—
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, — stitch, — stitch, —
In poverty, hunger and dirt ;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tones could reach the rich ! —
She sang this “ Song of the Shirt.”

HOOD.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE is the happy man whose life even now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
Content, indeed, to sojourn where he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view ;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems
Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth

She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer, — None.
His warfare is within. There, unfatigued,
His fervent spirit labors. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her rustling silks,
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her who thinks not for herself.

COWPER.

FROM THE ARABIC.

THE morn that ushered thee to life, my child,
Saw thee in tears, whilst all around thee smiled;
When summoned hence to thy eternal sleep,
O, mayst thou smile, whilst all around thee weep!

REMORSE.

THE spirits I have raised abandon me, —
The spells which I have studied baffle me, —
The remedy I recked of tortured me.
I lean no more on superhuman aid ;
It hath no power upon the past ; and for
The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,
It is not of my search. My mother earth !
And thou, fresh-breaking day, and you, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful ? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight, — thou shin'st not on my heart !
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance, — when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest forever, wherefore do I pause ?
I feel the impulse, yet I do not plunge ;
I see the peril, yet do not recede ;
And my brain reels, and yet my foot is firm :
There is a power upon me, which withholds,
And makes it my fatality to live, —
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre ; for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself, —
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou wingéd and cloud-cleaving minister,

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well may'st thou swoop so near me! — I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets. Thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision. Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other.

BYRON.

BLESSINGS UNOBSERVED.

A MAN's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet.
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire;
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh Desire.

Yet, brothers, who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer, —

O, loiter not ! those heights are chill, —
As chill as they are clear ;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

MILNES.

OF A CONTENTED MIND.

WHEN all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find :
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
That hath a quiet mind ;
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour ;
And death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay ;
Whereas the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone ;
For many have been harmed by speech, —
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease ;

And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death ;
Our kinsmen at the grave ;
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

“ O, for a soft and gentle wind ! ”
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free, —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark, the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE ELOQUENT PASTOR.

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers ; —
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers !

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind ;
The gentle will to others' soon resigned ;
But, more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds, —
Sweet books, deep music and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

True to his kind, nor of himself afraid,
He deemed that love of God was best arrayed
In love of all the things that God has made.

He deemed man's life no feverish dream of care,
But a high pathway into freer air,
Lit up with golden hopes and duties fair.

He showed how wisdom turns its hours to years,
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an angel stood and smiled, —
Yet in his heart was he a simple child.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:
And in this wisdom of the Holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.
Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.
And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly-leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But, when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree? —
So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-tree.

SOUTHEY.

LIFT UP THINE EYES, AFFLICTED SOUL.

LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul!
From earth lift up thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies;
One sun is set, — a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where Science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.
Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,

Faith to the heaven of heaven ascends,
And meets ten thousand there ;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
And stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

MONTGOMERY.

SPIRIT OF DELIGHT.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of delight !
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night ?
Many a weary night and day
'T is since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again ?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near ;
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure,

Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of delight !
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night ;
Autumn evening, and the morn,
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good ;
Between thee and me
What difference ! but thou dost possess
The things I seek — not love them less.

I love Love, though he has wings,
And like light can flee ;
But, above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee ; —
Thou art love and life ; O come,
Make once more my heart thy home !

SHELLEY.

TO A CHILD SIX YEARS OLD, DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,

My little patient boy ;

And balmy rest about thee

Smooths off the day's annoy.

I sit me down and think

Of all thy winning ways ;

Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,

That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong-pillowed meekness,

Thy thanks to all that aid,

Thy heart, in pain and weakness,

Of fancied faults afraid, —

The little trembling hand

That wipes thy quiet tears, —

These, these are things that may demand

Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,

I will not think of now ;

And calmly midst my dear ones,

Have wasted with dry brow ;

But when thy fingers press

And pat my stooping head,

I cannot bear the gentleness, —

The tears are in their bed.

Ah ! first-born of thy mother,

When life and hope were new,

Kind playmate of thy brother,

Thy sister, father too ;

My light where'er I go,
 My bird when prison-bound,
 My hand-in-hand companion, — no,
 My prayers shall hold thee round !

To say, " He has departed ;
 His voice, his face, is gone ; "
 To feel impatient-hearted,
 Yet feel we must bear on ;
 Ah ! I could not endure
 To whisper of such woe,
 Unless I felt this sleep insure
 That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping !
 This silence, too, the while, —
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seem whispering us a smile ; —
 Something divine and dim
 Seems going by one's ear,
 Like parting wings of cherubim,
 Who say, " We've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

WHERE IS THE SEA ?

SONG OF THE GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

A Greek Islander, being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beauty, only replied, "*The sea, — where is it ?*"

WHERE is the sea ? I languish here, —
 Where is my own blue sea,
 With all its barks in fleet career,
 And flags and breezes free ?

I miss that voice of waves, which first
 Awoke my childish glee ;
 The measured chime, the thundering burst, —
 Where is my own blue sea ?

O ! rich your myrtle's breath may rise
 Soft, soft your winds may be ;
 Yet my sick heart within me dies, —
 Where is my own blue sea ?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
 I hear the whispering tree ;
 The echoes of my soul are mute, —
 Where is my own blue sea ?

MRS. HEMANS.

THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN TO HER APOSTATE LOVER.

O, lost to faith, to peace, to heaven !
 Canst thou a recreant be
 To Him whose life for thine was given,
 Whose cross endured for thee ?
 Canst thou for earthly joys resign
 A love immortal, pure, divine,
 Yet link thy plighted truth to mine,
 And cleave unchanged to me ?

Thou canst not ; and 'tis breathed in vain,
 Thy sophistry of love ! —
 Though not in pride, or cold disdain,
 Thy falsehood I reprove ;
 Inly my heart may bleed, but yet
 Mine is no weak, no vain regret ;
 Thy wrongs to me I might forget,
 But not to Him above.

Cease, then, thy fond, impassioned vow,
 In happier hours so dear ;
(No virgin pride restrains me now)
 I must not turn to hear ;
For still my erring heart might prove
Too weak to spurn thy proffered love ;
And tears, though feigned and false, might move,
 And prayers, though insincere.

But no ! the tie so firmly bound
 Is torn asunder now ;
How deep that sudden wrench may wound,
 It recks not to avow ;
Go thou to fortune and to fame, —
I sink to sorrow, suffering, shame ;
Yet think, when glory gilds thy name,
 I would not be as thou !

Thou canst not light or wavering deem
 The bosom all thine own ;
Thou know'st, in joy's enlivening beam,
 Or fortune's adverse frown,
My pride, my bliss, had been to share
Thine hopes ; to soothe thine hours of care ;
With thee the martyr's cross to bear,
 Or win the martyr's crown.

'Tis o'er ; but never from my heart
 Shall time thine image blot ;
The dreams of other days depart, —
 Thou shalt not be forgot ;
And never, in the suppliant sigh
Poured forth to Him who rules the sky,
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
 And thine remembered not.

Farewell ! and O, may he whose love
Endures, though man rebel,
In mercy yet thy guilt reprove,
Thy darkening clouds dispel !
Where'er thy wandering steps decline,
My fondest prayers, nor only mine, —
The aid of Israel's God be thine ;
And, in his name, farewell !

REV. T. DALE.

SUMMER EVENING BY THE SEA.

AMID the west, the light decaying,
Like Joy, looks loveliest ere it dies ;
On Ocean's breast, the small waves playing,
Catch the last lustre as they rise.

Scarce the blue-curling tide displaces
One pebble in its gentle ebb ;
Scarce on the smooth sand leaves its traces,
In meshes fine as fairy's web.

From many a stone the sea-weed streaming
Now floats, now falls, the waves between,
Its yellow berries brighter seeming
Amid the wreaths of dusky green.

This is the hour the loved are dearest,
This is the hour the severed meet ;
The dead, the distant, now are nearest,
And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet.

REV. C. H. TOWNSEND.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

WITH what unknown delight the mother smiled,
When this frail treasure in her arms she pressed !
Her prayer was heard, — she clasped a living child, —
But how the gift transcends the poor request !
A child was all she asked, with many a vow ;
Mother, behold the child an angel now !

Now in her Father's house she finds a place ;
Or, if to earth she take a transient flight,
'Tis to fulfil the purpose of His grace,
To guide thy footsteps to the world of light ; —
A ministering spirit sent to thee,
That where she is, there thou mayst also be.

JANE TAYLOR.

SONNET.

WHEN last we parted thou wert young and fair ;
How beautiful, let fond remembrance say !
Alas ! since then old Time has stolen away
Full thirty years, leaving my temples bare.
So hath it perished like a thing of air,
The dream of love and youth ! — Now both are gray,
Yet still remembering that delightful day,
Though Time with his cold touch hath blanched my hair,
Though I have suffered many years of pain
Since then ; though I did never think to live
To hear that voice or see those eyes again,
I can a sad but cordial greeting give,
And for thy welfare breathe as warm a prayer,
Lady, as when I loved thee, young and fair !

REV. W. L. BOWLES.



BIBLE.

BIBLE ! — Blessed Bible !
Treasure of the heart !
What sweet consolation
Doth thy page impart !
In the fiercest trial,
In the deepest grief,
Strength, and hope, and comfort,
In each holy leaf.
Bible, — let me clasp thee,
Anchor of the soul !
When the storm is raging,
When the waters roll,

When the frowning heavens
 Darken every star,
And no hopeful beacon
 Glimmereth afar,
Be my refuge, Bible !
 Then be thou my stay,
Guide me on life's billow,
 Light the dreary way ;
Tell me of the morrow,
 When a sun shall rise,
That shall glow forever,
 In unclouded skies ;
Tell me of that heaven
 In the climes above,
Where the bark rides safely
 In a sea of love !

Bible ! — let me clasp thee !
 Chronicle divine
Of a world's redemption,
 Of a Saviour, mine !
Wisdom for the simple,
 Riches for the poor,
Hope for the desponding,
 For the sick a cure.
Rest for all the weary,
 Ransom for the slave,
Courage for the fearful,
 Life beyond the grave !
Bible ! — blessed Bible !
 Treasure of the heart,
What sweet consolation
 Doth thy page impart ; —

In the fiercest trial,
In the deepest grief,
Strength, and hope, and comfort,
In each holy leaf.

REV. R. HOYT.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

White bud ! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st, beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
An Eremita beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud ! thou 'rt emblem of a lovelier thing, —
The broken spirit, that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

REV. G. CROLY.

FORGIVENESS.

When on the fragrant sandal-tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
"Peace to her foes, and love to all !"
How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns ;
To see the blow, and feel the pain,
But render only love again !

This spirit ne'er was given on earth ;
One had it, — He of heavenly birth ;
Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint he made,
But, when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for his murderers — and died.

SOLITUDE.

ARE not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference ; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery : these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,—
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below ;

Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow ;
 E'en in its very motion there was rest,
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven :
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

SEE ye the signals of his march ? — the flash
 Wide streaming round ? — the thunder of his voice
 Hear ye ? — Jehovah's thunder ? — the dread peal
 Hear ye, that rends the concave ?

Lord ! God supreme !
 Compassionate and kind !
 Praised be thy glorious name !
 Praised and adored !

How sweeps the whirlwind ! — leader of the storm !
 How screams discordant, and with headlong waves
 Lashes the forest ! — All is now repose.
 Slow sail the dark clouds — slow.

Again new signals press ! — enkindled, broad,
 See ye the lightning ? — hear ye, from the clouds,
 The thunders of the Lord ? — Jehovah calls ;
 Jehovah ! — and the smitten forest smokes,

But not our cot ;
 Our heavenly Father bade
 The o'erwhelming power
 Pass o'er our cot, and spare it.

KLOPSTOCK.

A LESSON FOR FUTURE LIFE.

EVERY present holds a future in it,
 Could we read its bosom secret right,
 Could we see the golden clue and win it,
 Lay our hand to work with heart and might.

True it is we shall not live in story,
 But we may be waves within a tide,
 Help the human flood to near the glory
 That shall shine when we have toiled and died.

Therefore, though few praise, or help, or heed us,
 Let us work, with head, or heart, or hand ;
 For we know the future ages need us,
 We must help our time to take its stand ; —

That the after day may make beginning
 Where our present labor hath its end ;
 So each age, by that before it winning,
 To the following help in turn shall lend.

Each single struggle hath its far vibration,
 Working results that work results again ;
 Failure and death are no annihilation,
 Our tears, absorbed, will make some future rain.

Let us toil on ; the work we leave behind us,
 Though incomplete, God's hand will yet embalm,

And use it some way : and the news will find us
In heaven above, and sweeten endless calm.

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

HONORED be Woman ! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair as a being of light ;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways ;
Roses of paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man, on Passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at Reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Louder still it roars within ;
Flashing lights of Hope confound him,
Stuns him life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil and be happy a while ;
Whispering wooingly, " Come to my bower ;
Go not in search of the phantom of power.
Honor and wealth are illusory, — come !
Happiness dwells in the temple of home."

Man, with fury stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother-man ;
Reckless if he bless or ravage,
Action, action, still his plan.
Now creating, now destroying,
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast,

Ever seeking, ne'er enjoying ;
Still to be, but never blest.

Woman, contented, in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart,
Far richer than man with his treasures of art ;
And wiser by far, in her circle confined,
Than he with his science and lights of the mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler arts,
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts.
Slowly through his bosom stealing,
Flows the genial current on,
Till, by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp that instinctively rings,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,
Responds to each impulse with steady reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try ;
And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like the sunshine and showers of a morning in May.

Through the range of Man's dominion,
Terror is the ruling word ;
And the standard of opinion
Is the temple or the sword.
Strife exults, and Pity, blushing,
From the scene departing flies,
Where, to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control ;
 She rules by enchantment the realm of the soul ;
 As she glances around, in the light of her smile
 The war of the passions is hushed for a while ;
 And Discord, content from his fury to cease,
 Reposes, entranced, in the sunlight of Peace.

SCHILLER.

ODE TO A GOLD COIN.

The following "Ode to an Indian Gold Coin" was written in Cherical, Malabar, by Dr. John Leyden, a native of Scotland, who went, in 1803, to reside in India, in the view of accumulating a fortune. His worldly prospects were terminated by his death, which took place at Java, in 1811, three weeks after he had landed there with the British troops.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine !
 What vanity has brought thee here ?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright whom I have bought so dear ? —
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
 For twilight-converse, arm in arm ;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
 When mirth and music wont to cheer.

By Chericál's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Teviot loved while still a child,
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !
 The perished bliss of youth's first prime,

That once so bright on Fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear;
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
I cannot bear to see thee shine!

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart: the grave
Dark and untimely met my view,—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!—
Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay!

THE TRUE REFUGE.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here ;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

HEBER.

TO FORTUNE.

THE mists in which future events are wrapped,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that works, — his dull eyes not discerning
The first great Cause, — offered thy clouded shape
To his inquiring search ; so in the dark
The groping world first found thy deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
Are fixed and certain : where past and to come
Are always present, thou dost disappear,
Losest thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou, then, only a deluding phantom,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fools ;
Who, would they but survey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room

For thy vain aid. Wisdom, whose strong-built plots
Leave naught to hazard, mocks thy futile power.
Industrious Labor drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toiling car, and not attending
Till thou dispense, reaches his own reward.
Only the lazy sluggish yawning lies
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the easy hand that feeds his sloth.

THOMAS CAREW.

NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee! It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake
"The sound of many waters," and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep, — and what are we
That hear the question of that voice sublime;
O, what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thine unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned the world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? — A light wave,
That breaks and whispers of his Maker's might!

BRAINARD.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON,

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear :
 Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave :
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form ; she bowed to taste the wave,
 And died ! Does youth, does beauty, read the line ?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
 Speak, dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine ;
 Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move :
 And if so fair, from vanity as free,
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love, —
 Tell them, though 't is an awful thing to die
 ('T was even to thee), yet, the dread path once trod,
 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids " the pure in heart behold their God."

WILLIAM MASON.

INDEPENDENCE.

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny :
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace :
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve :
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave !

THOMSON.

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that !

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that ?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that !

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that !

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that ?

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that !

Then let us pray that come it may, —
As come it will, for a' that, —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

BURNS.

EVENING.

O, HESPERUS, thou bringest all good things, —
Home to the weary, to the hungry, cheer ;
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-labored steer ;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest ;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

When Nero perished by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroyed,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoyed,
Some hands unseen strewed flowers upon his tomb ;
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

BYRON.

HOPE.

How many there are who sing and dream
Of happier seasons coming !
And ever is Fancy, to catch a beam
Of a golden era, roaming.
The world may grow old, and young again,
And the hope of a better shall still remain.

Hope comes with life at its dawning hour ;
Hope sports with the infant creeper ;
Hope cheers up the youth, with her magic power ;
And when, too, the gray-haired weeper
Has closed in the grave his weary round,
He plants the tree of Hope on the mound.

It is not an empty, vain deceit,
In the brains of fools created ;
It speaks to the soul of a state more meet,
Where its longings shall all be sated.
And the promise the indwelling voice thus makes
To the hoping soul, it never breaks.

SCHILLER.

THANKSGIVING.

For spring, and flowers of spring,
Blossoms, and what they bring,

Be our thanks given ;
Thanks for the maiden's bloom,
For the sad prison's gloom,
And for the sadder tomb,
E'en as for Heaven !

Great God, thy will is done,
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks ;
Done when the righteous bleed ;
When the wronged vainly plead ;
Done in the unended deed,
When the heart breaks.

Lo ! how the dutiful
Snows clothe in beautiful
Life the dead earth !
Lo ! how the clouds distil
Riches o'er vale and hill,
While the storm's evil will
Dies in its birth !

Blessed is the unpeopled down ;
Blessed is the crowded town,
Where the tired groan ;
Pain but appears to be ;
What are man's fears to Thee,
God ! if all tears shall be
Gems on thy throne ?

ELLIOT.



GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.

Lo ! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blesséd birds of Heaven.
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy, —
“ Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

“ Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air ?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily ; —
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow !

“ One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny ;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall ;

Pass we blithely, then, the time,
 Fearless of the snare and lime,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;
 God provideth for the morrow!"

HEBER.

HUMAN LIFE.

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

If dead, we cease to be; if total gloom
 Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
 As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
 Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
 But *are*, their whole of being! If the breath
 Be life itself, and not its task and tent, —
 If even a soul like Milton's can know death, —
 O man! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
 Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes!
 Surplus of Nature's dread activity,
 Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase,
 Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
 She formed with restless hands unconsciously!
 Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!
 If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
 Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,
 The counter-weights! — thy laughter and thy tears
 Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
 And to repay the other! Why rejoices
 Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good?
 Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood?
 Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,

Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold?
Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold
These costless shadows of thy shadowy self?
Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun!
Thou hast no reason why! Thou canst have none;
Thy being's being is a contradiction.

COLERIDGE.

THE DEATH OF SCHILLER.

'T IS said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind
To wander forth wherever lie
The homes and haunts of human-kind.

Then strayed the poet, in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves;
Went up the New World's forest streams,
Stood in the Hindoo's temple caves;

Walked with the Pawnee, fierce and stark,
The sallow Tartar, midst his herds,
The peering Chinese, and the dark,
False Malay, uttering gentle words.

How could he rest? even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown;
Already from the seat of God
A ray upon his garments shone; —

Shone, and awoke the strong desire
For love and knowledge reached not here,
Till, freed by death, his soul of fire
Sprang to a fairer, ampler sphere.

Then, who shall tell how deep, how bright,
The abyss of glory opened round ?
How thought and feeling flowed like light,
Through ranks of being without bound ?

BRYANT.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

FAREWELL, my castles, raised so high !
Farewell, ye bowers of beauty !
From your enchantment I must fly
To sober paths of duty.
Ah ! many an hour could I employ,
These lovely bowers adorning,
Till every airy ball of joy
Should seem a star of morning !
But, go, vain dreams, depart !
Though fondly loved, I feel it,
That while you soothe the heart,
From better things you steal it.

When rose the storm of grief and care
On life's uncertain billow,
I sought my castles in the air,
And found a ready pillow.
Here joys to come were always shown,
The present grief dispelling ;
For future woe is all unknown
In my aerial dwelling.
The lesson thus was lost,
For which the storm was given, —
To show the tempest-tost
A refuge sure in heaven !

Here Hope, though cheated o'er and o'er,
I thought would dwell securest ;
And deemed, of all her various store,
This gift the best and surest.
While Fancy strove, with magic glass,
To raise the scene ideal,
Still whispered Hope, — "Though this may pass,
The rest will sure be real."
Thus many a darling theme
Was forming and undoing,
But still a brighter dream
Arose upon the ruin.

Thus, in the fields of wild romance,
I tarried for a season ;
But still, at every change and chance,
I heard the voice of Reason : —
"O ! at some holier, happier shrine,
Devote thy thoughts so ranging,
Whose base is truth and love divine,
Its fabric never changing.
Thy hopes through youth and age,
If thou wilt hither guide them,
Though tempests rise and rage,
Securely shall abide them."

I raised my eyes from all beneath,
And Hope stood in the portal ;
She held an amaranthine wreath,
And promised life immortal !
I felt the scene before my view
Was more than idle seeming,
And wished and strove to bid adieu
To all my days of dreaming.

Then go, vain dreams, depart !
Though fondly loved, I feel it,
That, while you soothe the heart,
From better things you steal it.

SONGS OF BEING.

THE BIRTH.

HAIL ! new-waked atom of the Eternal whole,
Young voyager upon Time's mighty river !
Hail to thee, Human Soul !
Hail, and forever !
Pilgrim of life, all hail !
He who at first called forth
From nothingness the earth,
Who clothed the hills in strength, and dug the sea,
Who gave the stars to gem
Night like a diadem,
Thou little child, made thee ;
Young habitant of earth,
Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,
Thou art akin to God who fashioned thee !

The heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll,
The solid earth dissolve, the stars grow pale,
But thou, O Human Soul,
Shalt be immortal ! Hail !
Thou young Immortal, Hail !
He, before whom are dim
Seraph and cherubim,
Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,

Who sits upon heaven's throne,
The everlasting One,
Thou little child, made thee !
Fair habitant of earth,
Immortal in thy God, though mortal by thy birth,
Born for life's trials, hail ! all hail to thee !

THE DEATH.

Shrink not, O Human Spirit !
The Everlasting Arm is strong to save !
Look up, look up, frail nature ! put thy trust
In Him who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave !
Quickly goes down the sun ;
Life's work is almost done ;
Fruitless endeavor, hope deferred, and strife !
One little struggle more,
One pang, and then is o'er
All the long, mournful weariness of life.
Kind friends, 't is almost past ;
Come now, and look your last !
Sweet children, gather near,
And his last blessing hear.
See how he loved you, who departeth now !
And, with thy trembling step and pallid brow,
O, most beloved one,
Whose breast he leaned upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
Receive his parting breath !
The fluttering spirit panteth to be free, —
Hold him not back who speeds to victory !
— The bonds are riven, the struggling soul is free !

Hail, hail, enfranchised spirit!
 Thou that the wine-press of the field hath trod!
 On, blessed Immortal, on through boundless space,
 And stand with thy Redeemer, face to face,
 And bow before thy God!
 Life's weary work is o'er,
 Thou art of earth no more:
 No more art trammelled by the oppressive clay,
 But tread'st with wingéd ease
 The high acclivities
 Of truths sublime, up heaven's crystalline way.
 Here is no bootless quest;
 The city's name is Rest;
 Here shall no fear appal;
 Here love is all in all;
 Here shalt thou win thy ardent soul's desire;
 Here clothe thee in thy beautiful attire.
 Lift, lift thy wondering eyes!
 Yonder is Paradise,
 And this fair shining band
 Are spirits of thy land!
 And these that throng to meet thee are thy kin,
 Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!
 The city gates unfold — enter, O, enter in!

PROSE AND SONG.

I LOOKED upon a plain of green,
 That some one called the land of prose,
 Where many living things were seen,
 In movement or repose.
 I looked upon a stately hill,
 That well was named the mount of song,

Where golden shadows dwelt at will,
The woods and streams among.

But most this fact my wonder bred,
Though known by all the nobly wise, —
It was the mountain streams that fed
The fair green plain's amenities.

JOHN STERLING.

AN EVENING REVERY.

O THOU great Movement of the universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time, — for ye are one! —
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing *me*?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men, —
Which who can bear? — or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life,
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? O! beyond that bourn,
In the vast cycle of being which begins

At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
 Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
 Its workings? Gently, — so have good men taught, —
 Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
 Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
 Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
 Shall journey onward in perpetual peace!

BRYANT.

 THE GOLDEN YEAR.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
 The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
 The dark earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse;
 And human things, returning on themselves,
 Move onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah, though the times when some new thought can bud
 Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
 Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
 Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
 And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
 But, smit with freer light, shall slowly melt
 In many streams, to fatten lower lands,
 And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
 Through all the season of the golden year.

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
 If all the world were falcons, what of that?
 The wonder of the eagle were the less,
 But he not less the eagle. Happy days
 Roll onward, leading up the golden year!

Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press ;
Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross ;
Knit land to land, and, blowing havenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

But we grow old. Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year ?

TENNYSON.

CHEERFULNESS.

SEE how the day beameth brightly before us !
Blue is the firmament, green is the earth ;
Grief hath no voice in the universe chorus,
Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness ;
Gaze ! and if beauty can rapture thy soul,
Virtue herself shall allure thee to gladness,
Gladness ! philosophy's guerdon and goal.
Enter the treasures Pleasure uncloses ;
List ! how she trills in the nightingale's lay !
Breathe ! she is wafting the sweets from the roses ;
Feel ! she is cool in the rivulet's play ;
Taste ! from the grape and the nectarine gushing,
Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun ;
Green in the hills are flower-groves blushing ;
Look ! she is always and everywhere one.
Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling
Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom ;

Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?
Still may we battle for good and for beauty;
Still has philanthropy much to essay;
Glory rewards the fulfilment of duty;
Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like, darken this planet of ours?
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows,
Even when anguish hath palsied its powers.
Wherefore, though Fate play the part of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of hope,
Fearlessly certain that, sooner or later,
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope;—

Look round about on the face of creation!
Still is God's earth undistorted and bright;
Comfort the captive's too long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap thy more perfect delight.
Love!—but if love be a hallowed emotion,
Purity-only its rapture should share;
Love, then, with willing and deathless devotion,
All that is just, and exalted, and fair.

Act! for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality, these are its crown;
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story?
Build on achievements thy doom of renown.
Honor and feeling were given to cherish;
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay;
Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day.

Courage! disaster and peril, once over,
 Freshen the spirit as flowers may the grove;
 O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover,
 Soon the forget-me-not rises in love.
 Courage, then, friends! though the universe crumble,
 Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
 Patient and trustful, and joyous and humble,
 Smiles through the ruin on darkness and death!

SALIS.

VESPERS.

God, that mad'st the Earth and Heaven
 Darkness and light,
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night,
 May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night!

HEBER.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

"For behold the kingdom of God is within you."

PILGRIM to the heavenly city,
 Groping 'wilder'd on thy way,
 Look not to the outward landmark,
 List not what the blind guides say.

For long years thou hast been seeking
 Some new idol found each day;
 All that dazzled, all that glittered,
 Lured thee from the path away.

On the outward world relying,
Earthly treasures thou wouldst heap ;
Titled friends and lofty honors
Lull thy higher hopes to sleep.

Thou art stored with worldly wisdom,
All the lore of books is thine ;
And within thy stately mansion
Brightly sparkle wit and wine.

Richly droop the silken curtains,
Round those high and mirrored halls,
And on mossy Persian carpets
Silently thy proud step falls.

Not the gentlest wind of heaven
Dares too roughly fan thy brow,
Nor the morning's blessed sunbeams
Tinge thy cheek with ruddy glow.

Yet, 'midst all these outward riches,
Has thy heart no void confessed, —
Whispering, though each wish be granted,
"Still, O, still I am not blessed" ?

And when happy, careless children,
Lured thee with their winning ways,
Thou hast sighed, in vain contrition,
"Give me back those golden days !"

Hadst thou stooped to learn their lesson, —
Truthful preachers, — they had told
Thou thy kingdom hadst forsaken,
Thou hadst thy own birthright sold.

Thou art heir to vast possessions, —
 Up and boldly claim thine own !
 Seize the crown that waits thy wearing,
 Leap at once into thy throne !

Look not to some cloudy mansion,
 'Mong the planets far away ;
 Trust not to the distant future,
 Let thy heaven begin to-day !

When thy struggling soul hath conquered,
 When the path lies fair and clear,
 When thou art prepared for heaven,
 Thou wilt find that heaven is here.

HARRIET WINSLOW.

THE SONNET.

SCORN not the Sonnet. Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honors : with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;
 Camöens soothed with it an exile's grief ;
 The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Danté crowned
 His visionary brow ; a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains, — alas, too few !

WORDSWORTH.

MONODY.

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. WM. HOWARD ALLEN, OF THE AMERICAN
NAVY.

He hath been mourned as brave men mourn the brave,
And wept as nations weep their cherished dead,
With bitter, but proud tears ; and o'er his head
The eternal flowers, whose root is in the grave,
The flowers of Fame, are beautiful and green ;
And by his grave's side pilgrim-feet have been,
And blessings, pure as men to martyrs give,
Have there been breathed by those he died to save.
Pride of his country's banded chivalry,
His fame their hope, his name their battle-cry,
He lived as mothers wish their sons to live, —
He died as fathers wish their sons to die.

If on the grief-worn cheek the hues of bliss,
Which fade when all we love is in the tomb,
Could ever know on earth a second bloom,
The memory of a gallant death like his
Would call them into being ; — but the few
Who, as their friend, their brother, or their son,
His kind, warm heart, and gentle spirit knew,
Had long lived, hoped and feared, for him alone ;
His voice their morning music, and his eye
The only starlight of their evening sky,
Till even the sun of happiness seemed dim,
And life's best joys were sorrows but with him ;
And when, the burning bullet in his breast,
He dropped, like summer fruit from off the bough,
There was one heart that knew and loved him best, —
It was a mother's, — and is broken now !

HALLECK.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

THEY tell us, Love, that you and I
Our happiest days are seeing,
While yet is shut from either's eye
The change that waits on being.
Ah ! life they say 's a weary way,
With less of joy than sorrow ;
For where the sunlight falls to-day
There 'll be a shade to-morrow.

If ours be love that will not bear
The test of change and sorrow,
And only deeper channels wear
In passing to each morrow,
Then better were it that to-day
We fervently were praying,
That what we have might pass away
While we the words were saying.

The heart has depths of bitterness,
As well as depths of pleasure ;
And those who love, love not, unless
They both of these can measure.
There is a time, and it will come,
When this they must discover ;
And woe if either then be dumb
To power that moved the Lover !

There are some spots where each may fall,
And each will need sustaining ;
And suffering is the lot of all,
And is of God's ordaining ;

en wherefore do our hearts unite
In bonds that none can sever,
not to bless each changing light,
And strengthen each endeavor ?

men, while these happy days we bless,
Let us no doubt be sowing ;
God's mercy never will be less,
Though He should change the showing.
Such be our faith, as on we tread,
Each trusting and obeying,
As two who by His hand are led,
And hear what He is saying.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

I DREAM of all things free !
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea,
Like an arrow to its mark !
Or a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee ;
Of a thousand flashing rills, —
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain king !
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may oo ;
Dark woods around it shiver, —
I dream of all things free !

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play ,
Of an Indian midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way ,
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's green-wood tree : --
My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free !

MRS. HEMANS.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night ! —
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to night,
And now was queen of land and sea !
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

'T was in the calm and silent night !
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor ;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He paused, for naught
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars, his only thought ;
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

O, strange indifference ! — low and high
Drownsed over common joys and cares ;
The earth was still, but knew not why ;
The world was listening — unawares !
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever !
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now !
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given ;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago !

ALFRED DOMETT.

THE PAST MAKES THE FUTURE.

TIME, as he onward courses, still unrolls
The volume of concealment. In the future,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The undistinguishable blots and colors
Of the dim past collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.

COLERIDGE.

THE HOME OF THY REST.

I KNOW thou art gone to the home of thy rest, —
Then why should my soul be so sad ?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad ;
Where Love hath put off, in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this ;
And Hope, the sweet singer, that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul ;
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy spirit flung back from its goal.
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethé that flows
Through a land where they do not forget ;
Which sheds over Memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine ;
For the love that made all things as music to me
I have not yet learned to resign.

In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

The eye must be dark, that so long hath been dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine ;
But my heart hath revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign.
I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there ;
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapt in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my spirit — O, call it not gloom ! —
Is not the black grief of Despair.
By Sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears ;
And Hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, of tears !

T. K. HERVEY.



THE GLIMPSE.

OUR many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,
They go out from us, thronging every hour ;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro ;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought,
In hearts we know not, and may never know !
Our actions travel, and are veiled : and yet
We sometimes catch a fearful glimpse of one,
When out of sight its march hath well-nigh gone ;
An unveiled thing which we can ne'er forget !
All sins it gathers up into its course,
And they do grow with it, and are its force ;
One day, with dizzy speed, that thing shall come,
Recoiling on the heart that was its home.

F. W. FABER.

HUMAN LOVE.

O, IF there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom, — if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsunned temper of a child, —
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill, — 't is human love !
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments have passed away.
The law of heaven is love, and though its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned

To its unholy uses through all time,
 Still the eternal principle is pure ;
 And, in these deep affections that we feel
 Omnipotent within us, we but see
 The lavish measure in which love is given ;
 And, in the yearning tenderness of a child
 For every bird that sings above his head,
 And every creature feeding on the hills,
 And every tree, and flower, and running brook,
 We see how everything was made to love,—
 And how they err, who, in a world like this,
 Find anything to hate but human pride !

WILLIS.

RICHES.

SAY, then, thou man of wealth, in what degree
 May thy proud fortunes over-balance me ?
 Thy many barks plough the rough ocean's back, —
 And I am never frightened with a wrack.
 Thy flocks of sheep are numberless to tell, —
 And with one fleece I can be clothed as well.
 Thou hast a thousand several farms to let, —
 And I do feed on ne'er a tenant's sweat.
 Thou hast the commons to enclosure brought, —
 And I have fixt a bound to my vast thought.
 Variety is sought for to delight
 Thy witty and ambitious appetite ;
 Three elements at least dis-peopled be,
 To satisfy judicious gluttony ; —
 And yet, for this, I love my commons here
 Above the choicest of thy dainty cheer.

No widow's curse caters a dish of mine,
I drink no tears of orphans in my wine.
Thou may'st, perchance, to some great office come, —
And I can rule a commonwealth at home,
And that preëminence enjoy more free
Than thou, puffed up with vain authority.
What boots it him a large command to have,
Whose every part is some poor vice's slave,
Which over him as proudly lords it there,
As o'er the rustic he can domineer ?

THOS. RANDOLPH.

CORN-FIELDS.

In the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst,
When bluebells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first,
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.
But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold,
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.
But then, as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden-beds
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhocks and sunflowers tall
O'ertop the mossy garden wall ;

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down ;
O, then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest-hill !

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new-shorn,
And see all round, on sunlit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore !

I feel the day ; I see the field ;
The quivering of the leaves ;
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves ;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickle's stroke,
And Boaz looking on ;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again : I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight ;
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunamite ;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
 The fields of Galilee,
 That eighteen hundred years ago
 Were full of corn, I see ;
 And the dear Saviour take his way
 'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

O, golden fields of bending corn,
 How beautiful they seem !
 The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
 To me are like a dream ;
 The sunshine and the very air
 Seem of old time, and take me there !

MARY HOWITT.

OF SOLITUDE.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good !
 Hail, ye plebeian underwood !
 Where the poetic birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
 • Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor muse's richest manor-seat !
 Ye country houses and retreat,
 Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great
 Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,—
 Nature ! the wisest architect,
 Who those fond artists does despise
 That can the fair and living trees neglect,
 Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity,
To help to bear 't away.

COWLEY.

TEMPERANCE.

IMPOSTOR! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance.
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeching share
Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered with her store.

And then the Giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid ; for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But, with besotted, base ingratitude,
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.

MILTON.

THE HONEST MAN.

Wordsworth must have had the following in his mind, though perhaps unconsciously, when he penned his noble poem of *The Happy Warrior*.

Who is the honest man ?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor and himself, most true.
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unfix or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or, glittering, look it blind ;
Who rides his sure and easy trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh ;
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in anything a trick or sleight ;
For, above all things, he abhors deceit !
His words and works, and fashion, too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
 At close temptations ; when the day is done,
 His goodness sets not, but in dark can run ; —
 The sun to others writeth laws,
 And is their virtue ; virtue is *his* sun.

Who, when he is to treat
 With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway
 Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :
 Whom others' faults do not defeat,
 But, though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
 When the whole world runs bias from his will,
 To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.
 This is the marksman safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

HERBERT.

 THE PARROT.

This incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago, in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged.

THE deep affections of the breast,
 That Heaven to living things imparts,
 Are not exclusively possessed
 By human hearts.

A parrot from the Spanish Main,
 Full young and early caged, came o'er
 With bright wings to the bleak domain
 Of Mulla's shore.

The spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu !

For these he changed, the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day ;
Until, with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew gray.

At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech ;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down and died !

CAMPBELL.

PERSECUTION.

LET those who *doubt* the heavenly source
Of revelation's page divine
Use as their weapons fraud and force, —
No such unhallowed arms are mine.
I only wield its holy word,
Reason its shield, and truth its sword.

I doubt not ; — my religion stands
A beacon on the eternal rock.
Let malice throw her fiery brands, —
Its sacred fane has stood the shock
Of ages, and shall tower sublime
Above the waves and winds of time.

Infinite wisdom formed the plan ;
Infinite power supports the pile ;
Infinite goodness poured on man
Its radiant light, its cheering smile.
Need they *thine* aid ? — poor worm ! — *thine* aid !
O mad presumption, vain parade !

Thou wilt not trust the Almighty One
With his own thunders ; thou wouldst throw
The bolts of heaven ! — O senseless son
Of dust and darkness ! — Spider ! go,
And with thy cobweb bind the tide,
And the swift, dazzling comet guide.

Yes ! force has conquering reasons given,
And chains and tortures argue well,
And thou hast proved thy faith from heaven
By weapons thou hast brought from hell.
Yes ! thou hast made thy title good,
For thou hast signed the deed with blood.

Daring impostor ! sure that God
Whose advocate thou feign'st to be
Will smite thee with that awful rod
Which thou would'st seize ; and pour on thee
The vial of that wrath which thou
Wouldst empty on thy brother's brow !

SPIRITUAL POPULATION OF THE UNIVERSE.

NOR think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold,
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive to each other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

MILTON.

MAY MORNING AT RAVENNA.

THE sun is up, and 't is a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,—
A morn the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green ;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about ;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out ;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze ;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees ;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil ;
And all the scene, in short, — sky, earth, and sea,—

Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis Nature, full of spirits, waked and springing : —
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town ;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen ;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scatterry light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.
Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends ;
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight,
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbors, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE TRUE' LIFE.

WE live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest ;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.

P. J. BAILEY.

THE PRISON.

AND this place my forefathers made for man !
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us, —
Most innocent, perhaps, — and what if guilty ?
Is this the only cure ? Merciful God !
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot !
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks !
And this is their best cure ! un comforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears ;
And savage faces, at the olanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapors of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of ever more deformity !

With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
Healest thy wandering and distempered child :
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets, —
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters, —
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

COLERIDGE.

HYMN.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends — O Father ! hear it
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness :
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee ;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly ?

For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest ;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand — it leads us, it supports us ;
We hear Thy voice — it counsels and it courts us ;
And then we turn away — and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

O, how long-suffering, Lord ! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering — Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought, and grateful feeling ?

That voice paternal, whispering, watching ever? —
My bosom? — never!

Father and Saviour! plant within that bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark portal
Becomes immortal.

BOWRING.

STANZAS.

WHERE are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted;
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother?
Yea, in soul my friend and brother still!
Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she whose looks were love and gladness?
Love and gladness I no longer see;
She is gone, and since that hour of sadness
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? Life's current faintly flowing
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death; ah! whither am I going?
All is well, — my spirit parts in peace!



THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight : the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
 The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north-wind's masonry !
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths ;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn ;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Maugre the farmer's sighs ; and, at the gate,
 A tapering turret overtops the work :

And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

EMERSON.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky ?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry ?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly Archer stands,* — no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth ;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace ;
All, all divine, — no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But, animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.
Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight ;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire :
Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks the impalpable and pathless sky ;
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,

* The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.

That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! * with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
Viewed the bright concave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God :
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bowed before the work of man,
For mild he seemed, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours ;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce, flame-breathing steeds of day ;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love !

Yet on that form, in wild, delirious trance,
With more than reverence gazed the Maid of France.
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude !
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope — to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrank, and thought the marble smiled :
Oft breathless listening heard, or seemed to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and, cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied :
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.†

MILMAN.

* Agasias of Ephesus.

† The foregoing fact is related in the work of M. Pinal on Insanity

BOOK OF THE WORLD.

Of this fair volume which we "World" do name,
 If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
 Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare;
 Find out His power, — which wildest powers doth tame;
 His providence, — extending everywhere;
 His justice, — which proud rebels doth not spare;
 In every page, — no period of the same!
 But silly we, like foolish children, rest
 Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
 Fair, dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
 On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
 Or, if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
 It is some picture on the margin wrought.

DRUMMOND.

SIN.

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
 Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers, —
 Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow dogging sin;
 Afflictions sorted; anguish of all sizes;
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in;
 Bibles laid open; millions of surprises;
 Blessings beforehand; ties of gratefulness;
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
 Angels and grace; eternal hopes and fears; —
 Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

HERBERT.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

ON Horeb's rock the prophet stood, —
The Lord before him passed :
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast ;
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course ; —
God was not in the blast.
'T was but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute, — a cloud
Came, muffling up the sun ;
When, through the mountain, deep and loud,
An earthquake thundered on :
The frightened eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair ; —
God was not in the storm.
'T was but the rolling of His car,
The tramping of His steed from far.

'T was still again, — and Nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame ;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came :
Down to the depth the ocean fled,
The sickening sun looked wan and dead, —
Yet God filled not the flame.
'T was but the terror of His eye,
That lightened through the troubled sky.
At last a voice all still and small
Rose sweetly on the ear,

Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,
For God himself was there ; —
For O ! it was a *Father's* voice
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

CAMPBELL.

THE MARIGOLD.

WHEN with a serious musing I behold
The graceful and obsequious marigold,
How duly, every morning, she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays ;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small, slender stalk ;
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedewed as 't were with tears, till he returns ;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scornéd to be lookéd on
By an inferior eye, or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him ; —
When I thus meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples, to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.
But, O my God ! though grovelling I appear
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here,
Which hauls me downward, yet in my desire
To that which is above me I aspire,

And all my best affections I profess
To Him that is the Son of Righteousness.
O, keep the morning of his incarnation,
The burning noontide of his bitter passion,
The night of his descending, and the height
Of his ascension, ever in my sight, —
That, imitating him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way !

GEORGE WITHER.

HYMN TO THE STARS.

Ay, there ye shine, and there have shone,
In one eternal " hour of prime,"
Each rolling, burningly, alone,
Through boundless space and countless time.
Ay, there ye shine ! the golden dews
That pave the realms by seraphs trod ;
There, through yon echoing vault, diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits ! bright as erst
Young Eden's birth-night saw ye shine,
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Yet sparkling from the hand divine ;
Yes, bright as then ye smiled, to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
Ye hold your high, immortal watch,
And gird your God's pavilion there.

Gold frets to dust, — yet, there ye are ;
Time rots the diamond, — there ye roll,

In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul !
And does it not, — since your bright throngs
One all-enlightening Spirit own,
Praised there by pure, sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blessed, alone ?

Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold a while the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been, —
The glance how rich, the range how vast !
The birth of time, the rise, the fall
Of empires, myriads, ages flown,
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships, — all
The things whose echoes are not gone !

Ye saw rapt Zoroaster send
His soul into your mystic reign ;
Ye saw the adoring Sabian bend,
The living hills his mighty fane !
Beneath the blue and beaming sky
He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
And deemed he saw, with gifted eye,
The Godhead in His works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of a mortal sire ;
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cataract fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame,
All nature's ills, and life's worse woes,
Are naught to you ; ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Ay, there ye roll, — emblems sublime
Of Him, whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world He loves :
Nor is one scene to mortals given,
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon proud heraldry of Heaven,
Yon burning blazonry of God !

“THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.”

THERE is a tongue in every leaf,
A voice in every rill ;
A voice that speaketh everywhere, —
In flood and fire, through earth and air, —
A tongue that 's never still.

'T is the great Spirit, wide diffused
Through everything we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious, — life and death,
Time and eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder-cloud ;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rushes through the forest hoar
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, everywhere ;
In all things, — darkness, light,
Silence, and sound ; but, most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night.

I *feel* Him in the silent dews
By grateful earth betrayed ;
I *feel* Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine and the shade.

And yet — ungrateful that I am ! —
I 've turned in sullen mood
From all these things, whereof He said,
When the great work was finishéd,
That they were " very good " !

My sadness on the fairest things
Fell like unwholesome dew ;
The darkness that encompassed me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
Mine own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient, slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish, pining discontent,
Acceptance cold, or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart. —
Not always so ; I woke again,
To join creation's rapturous strain ;
" O Lord ! how good Thou art ! "

The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,
The glorious sun broke out ;
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispelled that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

ADDRESS TO POETS.

YE whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth
(If the word be not too bold),
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old, —

Sovereign masters of all hearts !
Know ye who hath set your parts ?
He, who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you to lead
His hosannas here below ; —
Mount, and claim your glorious meed !
Linger not with sin and woe !

But, if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease ;
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own,
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones, in earth's dark womb that rest
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be thy praise so duly sung,
That thine angel's harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here !

We, the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well !

But should thankless silence seal
Lips that might half heaven reveal,
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthraling strain
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using),
Then thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing.

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of thy shrine,
Till we, like heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore.
Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.

KEBLE.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun ;
Give him thy first thoughts, then, — so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep, the sun up ; prayer should

Dawn with the day : there are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good

After sun-rising ; far day sullies flowers :
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Can'st thou not sing ?
O, leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine :
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries ; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food :
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
Should move, — they make us holy, happy, rich,

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper ; mix not with each clay :
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load

Which must be carried on, and safely may :
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.



THE BUTTERFLY.

BEAUTIFUL creature ! I have been
 Moments uncounted watching thee,
Now flitting round the foliage green
 Of yonder dark, embowering tree ;
And now again, in frolic glee,
Hovering around those opening flowers,
 Happy as Nature's child should be,
Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.
And I have gazed upon thy flight,
 Till feelings I can scarce define,
Awakened by so fair a sight,
 With desultory thoughts combine, —
Not to induce me to repine,
Or envy thee thy happiness ;
 But from a lot so bright as thine
To borrow musings born to bless.

Then thou delightful creature, who
Wert yesterday a sightless worm,
Becom'st a symbol fair and true
Of hopes that own no mortal term ;
In thy proud change we see the germ
Of man's sublimer destiny,
While holiest oracles confirm
The type of immortality !

A change more glorious far than thine,
E'en I, thy fellow-worm, may know,
When this exhausted frame of mine
Down to its kindred dust shall go ;
When the anxiety and woe
Of being's embryo state shall seem
Like phantoms flitting to and fro
In some confused and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gayly now,
With all thy nature asks supplied,
A few brief summer days, and thou
No more amid these haunts shall glide,
As hope's fair herald, in thy pride
The sylph-like genius of the scene,
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,
Shalt be as thou hadst never been !

While man's immortal part, when time
Shall set the chainless spirit free,
May seek a brighter, happier clime
Than fancy e'er could feign for thee ;
Though bright her fairy bowers may be,
Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,
And sad experience mourns to see
Each gourd hope trusted in, decayed.

Sport on, then, lovely summer fly,
With whom began my votive strain !
Yet purer joys their hopes supply,
Who, by faith's alchemy, obtain
Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,
Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,
Through earthly losses heavenly gain,
And life immortal through the tomb.

BERNARD BARTON.

AN APOLOGUE.

'T WAS eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated,
And with the titles of a sire
My ears expected to be greeted.
But vain the thought ! by sleep oppressed,
No father there the child descried ;
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or, nodding, rolled from side to side.

"Let this young rogue be sent to bed !"
More I had scarce had time to say,
When the poor urchin raised his head,
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refused, away his steps he bent,
With tearful eye and aching heart,
But claimed his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his horse and cart.

Still for delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded, wildly craved the boon ;

Though past his usual hour, he cried
At being sent to bed so soon !
If stern to him, his grief I shared ;
(Unmoved who sees his offspring weep ?)
Of soothing him I half despaired ;
When all his cares were lost in sleep.

" Alas, poor infant ! " I exclaimed,
" Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all that he so lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
Portrays of man the idle grief,
When doomed to slumber with the dead."

And more, I thought, when up the stairs,
With longing, lingering looks he crept.
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept !
Thus mortals on life's later stage,
When nature claims their forfeit breath,
Still grasp at wealth, in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death !"

'Tis morn, and see, my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light ;
To fearless laughter, boundless joy !
Forgot the tears of yesternight !
Thus shall not man forget his woe,
Survive of age and death the gloom,
Smile at the cares he knew below,
And, renovated, burst the tomb ?

T. GASPRY.

PROVIDENCE.

JUST as a mother, with sweet pious face,
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet ;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word, dispenses,
And, whether stern or smiling, loves them still ; —
So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And, even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 't would have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set, — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth !

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine ;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears, — but all are thine !

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee ! — but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set, — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ? —
They have *one* season, — *all* are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air,
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth, — and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set, — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

MAGNIFICENT creature ! so stately and bright !
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight, —
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head,
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale ? —
Hail ! King of the wild and the beautiful ! — hail !
Hail, Idol divine ! whom Nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops, since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore ;
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up ! up to yon cliff, like a king to his throne !
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone —
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast —
Lo ! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest ;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill !
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still —
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on your shelterless height,
One moment, thou bright Apparition, delay !
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,
The wild spirit hung in majestic mirth ;
In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss
O'er the fathomless gloom of each moaning abyss ;
O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the ocean !

Then proudly he turned ere he sunk to the dell,
And shook from his forehead a haughty farewell,
While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,
Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the desert hath passed on the wind,
And left the dark ocean of mountains behind !
But my spirit will travel wherever she flee,
And behold her in pomp, o'er the rim of the sea,
Her voyage pursue, till her anchor be cast
In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty, at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around !
Each sight how sublime ! and how awful each sound !
All hushed and serene, as a region of dreams,
The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,
Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
But calm their blue tops in the beauty of heaven.
Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear, —
Ay ! Time the destroyer in power hath been here ;
And the forest that hung on yon mountain so high,
Like a black thunder-cloud on the arch of the sky,
Hath gone, like that cloud when the tempest came by.
Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and decayed,
Where the floods have been raging the limbs are displayed
Of the pine tree and oak sleeping vast in the gloom,
The kings of the forest disturbed in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold
O'erhanging the desert the forests of old !
So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade,
Like the heavens above them, they never may fade.
The sunlight is on them — in silence they sleep —

A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep,
When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of morn.

Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne,
And the hill-side is swinging, and roars with a sound
In the heart of the forest embosomed profound.

Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er,

And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore

When the sea is at ebb ; not a leaf or a breath

To disturb the wild solitude, steadfast as death !

From his eyrie the eagle hath soared with a scream,

And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream ; —

Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow ?

Fleet son of the wilderness ! where art thou now ?

Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,

Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night !

Serene on thy travel as soul in a dream,

Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream,

With thy presence the pine-grove is filled, as with light,

And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright.

Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock,

'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,

Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,

O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea !

His voyage is o'er ! As if struck by a spell,

He motionless stands in the hush of the dell ;

There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,

In the midst of his pastime enamored of rest.

A stream in a clear pool that endeth his race,

A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place,

A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven,

A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven !

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !

I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !

Some had expired in fight, — the brands
Still rested in their bony hands, —
In plague and famine some !

Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by ; —

Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun !
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go ;

For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of his will ;
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrownéd king of day ;
For all those trophied arts,
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go ! let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe,—
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire !
My lips that speak thy dirge of death, —
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark ;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
 When thou thyself art dark !
 No ! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of victory,
 And took the sting from Death !
 Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On nature's awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste ;
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God !

CAMPBELL.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
 While in a grove I sat reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
 To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played, —
Their thoughts I cannot measure,
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

WORDSWORTH.

RHYME NOT POETRY.

Most men by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong ;
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please the ear,
Not mend their minds, — as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These, equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;

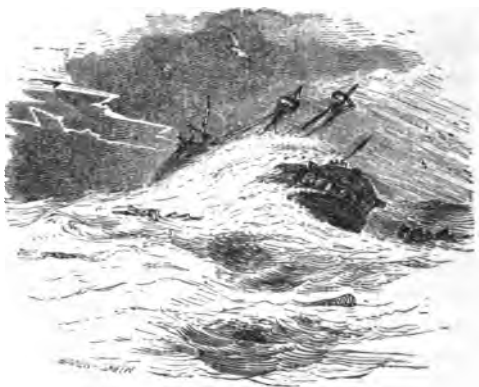
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep;"
 Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow,
 And praise the easy vigor of a line,
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

POPE.

CLOUD-LAND.

O, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
 Own each quaint likeness, issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low,
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
 'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
 From mount to mount through Cloud-land, gorgeous land!
 Or, listening to the tide, with closed sight,
 Be that blind bard, who, on the Chian strand,
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

COLERIDGE.



THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

ON the deep is the mariner's danger,
On the deep is the mariner's death ;
Who, to fear of the tempest a stranger,
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath ?

'T is the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair,
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

Who watches their course, who so mildly
Careen to the kiss of the breeze ?

Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly
Are clasped in the arms of the seas ?

'T is the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
And her who has clung to his neck ?
Whose wing is the wing that can cover

With its shadow the foundering wreck ?

'T is the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird.

My eye in the light of the billow,

My wing on the wake of the wave,

I shall take to my breast, for a pillow,

The shroud of the fair and the brave.

I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,

When hoarse the wild winds veer about ;

My eye, when the bark is benighted,

Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.

I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,

Lone looker on despair ;

The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,

The only witness there !

BRAINARD.

EDEN.

SOUTHWARD through Eden went a river large ;
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Passed underneath ingulfed ; for God had thrown
 That mountain, as his garden-mound, high raised
 Upon the rapid current ; which, through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden, thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears ;
 And now, divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account ;
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,

Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error, under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise ; which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrownd the noon-tide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view ;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed ;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store ;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant : meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams ;
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves ; while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal spring.

MILTON.

LIBERTY.

YE clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods! that listen to the night-birds singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches, swinging,
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape, and wild, unconquerable sound!
O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty!

COLERIDGE.

THE BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory;
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, hark ! O, hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going !
O ! sweet and far, from cliff and scaur,
The horns of elf-land faintly blowing.
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying ;
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die on yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, on field, on river ;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever, and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

O, SACRED star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here !

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by holy angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home the paradise of God ?

Soul of the just ! and canst thou soar
Amid those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time ?

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,

Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In ever-during notes of praise ?

O, who would heed the chilling blast,
That flows o'er time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity ?

And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When Hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss ?

PEABODY.

AN AMERICAN FOREST SPRING.

Now fluttering breeze, — now stormy blast,
Mild rain, then blustering snow, —
Winter's stern fettering cold is passed,
But, sweet Spring, where art thou ?
The white cloud floats 'mid smiling blue,
The broad bright sunshine's golden hue
Bathes the still frozen earth :
'T is changed ! — above, black vapors roll, —
We turn from our expected stroll,
And seek the blazing hearth.

Hark — that sweet carol ! with delight
We leave the stifling room, —
The little blue-bird meets our sight, —
Spring, glorious Spring, has come !
The south-wind's balm is in the air,
The melting snow-wreaths everywhere
Are leaping off in showers ;

And Nature, in her brightening looks,
Tells that her flowers and leaves and brooks
And birds will soon be ours.

A few soft sunny days have shone,
The air has lost its chill,
A bright green tinge succeeds the brown
Upon the southern hill.
Off to the woods — a pleasant scene ;
Here sprouts the fresh young wintergreen,
There swells a mossy mound ;
Though in the hollow, drifts are piled,
The wandering wind is sweet and mild,
And buds are bursting round.

Where its long rings uncurls the fern,
The violet, nestling low,
Casts back the white lid of its urn,
Its purple streaks to show.
Beautiful blossom ! first to rise
And smile beneath Spring's wakening skies,
The courier of the band
Of coming flowers, — what feelings sweet
Gush as the silvery gem we meet
Upon its slender wand !

Warmer is each successive sky,
More soft the breezes pass ;
The maple's gems of crimson lie
Upon the thick green grass.
The dogwood sheds its clusters white,
The birch has dropped its tassels slight,
Cowslips are round the rill ;

The thresher whistles in the glen,
Flutters around the warbling wren,
And swamps have voices shrill.

A simultaneous burst of leaves
Has clothed the forest now ;
A single day's bright sunshine weaves
This vivid, gorgeous show.
Masses of shade are cast beneath,
The flowers are spread in varied wreath,
Night brings its soft, sweet moon ;
Morn wakes in mist, and twilight gray
Weeps its bright dew, and smiling May
Melts into blooming June !

ALFRED B. STREET.

THE SWALLOWS.

WRITTEN ON SEEING THEM GATHER ON HIS ROOF DURING HIS
LAST ILLNESS.

YE gentle birds, that perch aloof,
And smooth your pinions on my roof,
Preparing for departure hence,
Now winter's angry threats commence ; —
Like you my soul would smooth her plume
For longer flights beyond the tomb.

May God, by whom is seen and heard
Departing men and wandering bird,
In mercy mark us for his own,
And guide us to the land unknown !

HAYLEY.



THE DILEMMA.

Now, by the blesséd Paphian queen,
 Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen ;
 By every name I cut on bark
 Before my morning star grew dark ;
 By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
 By all that thrills the beating heart ;
 The bright black eye, the melting blue, —
 I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams ; —
 I saw a row of twenty beams ;
 From every beam a rope was hung,
 In every rope a lover swung :
 I asked the hue of every eye
 That bade each luckless lover die ;
 Ten livid lips said heavenly blue,
 And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron which she deemed
 With fairest light of beauty beamed ;

She answered, some thought both were fair, —
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But, as she spoke, she rang the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in, — their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden ; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, — a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun, —
On me, until beneath its rays
I felt as if my hair would blaze ;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green !
She looked at me, — what could she mean ?

Ah ! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of the screen ;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet, —
The shaft upon the string is set ;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well, both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake ;
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away ;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam ;
But that is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

HOLMES.

S

TO NIGHT.

The following sonnet was so much admired by Coleridge, that he pronounced it the finest in our language. "In reading these lines," says Miss Mitford, "it is difficult to believe that the author (Blanco White) was not only born and educated in Spain, but wrote English very imperfectly until he was turned of thirty."

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train, —
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guest, the good man learned to glow
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ,

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

LOOK ALOFT.

The following lines are founded upon the little story, said to have been related by the late Dr. Godman, of the ship-boy, who was about to fall from the rigging, and was only saved by the mate's exclamation — "Look aloft !"

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale,
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft !" and be firm and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
"Look aloft !" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the vision which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret
"Look aloft !" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest — the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom — in sorrow depart,
“Look aloft!” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And Ó! when death comes in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, “Look aloft!” and depart.

LAWRENCE.

OCCASION.

“SAY, who art thou, with more than mortal air,
Endowed by Heaven with gifts and graces rare,
Whom restless, wingéd feet forever onward bear?”

“I am Occasion — known to few at best;
And since one foot upon a wheel I rest,
Constant my movements are — they cannot be repressed.

“Not the swift eagle in his swiftest flight
Can equal me in speed, — my wings are bright;
And man, who sees them waved, is dazzled by the sight.

“My thick and flowing locks before me thrown
Conceal my form, — nor face nor breast is shown,
That thus, as I approach, my coming be not known.

“Behind my head no single lock of hair
Invites the hand that fain would grasp it there;
But he who lets me pass to seize me may despair.”

“Whom, then, so close behind thee do I see?”

“Her name is Penitence; and Heaven’s decree
Hath made all those her prey who profit not by me

“ And thou, O mortal, who dost vainly ply
These curious questions, thou dost not descry
That now thy time is lost, — for I am passing by.”

HOPE'S BRIGHTER SHORE.

O'ER the wild waste the autumnal leaf careers,
Nor vale nor mountain now is ripe with flowers ;
Nature's fair brow the snow of winter sears,
And all but Hope hath fled her once green bowers, —
Hope with her sunny hair.
And why thus lonely lingers she, when all
The glorious gifts of summer are no more ? —
Her foot already treads Spring's leafy hall !
Her eyes see sunbeams gild the distant shore, —
Distant, yet still how fair !

So when the laugh of childhood and the song
Are heard no longer, as in other days,
Hope, with her rainbow wand, still leads along
To where, all flushed with Manhood's noontide rays,
Succeeds a prouder age.
Who loveth Fame ? — Lo ! where her temple stands !
Who, mad Ambition ? — There the laurel waves !
All that the majesty of mind commands,
All that the heart of man insatiate craves,
Is found in Hope's bright page.

And yet the mighty majesty of mind,
Ambition, Fame, are mixed with earthly leaven.
What are their purest joys to the refined
And spotless ones, the promised ones of Heaven,
Joys that shall ne'er decay !

The tear of sorrow hath no dwelling there, —
Earth is its birth-place ; why should angels weep ?
They know not Sorrow, as they know not Care,
But, as Life's pilgrim climbs the rugged steep,
They cheer him on his way.

Thrice happy he whom through each devious path
The Lamp of Faith conducts with steady light !
His spirit quails not at the tempest's wrath ;
He trembles not when lowers the moonless night,
Nor fears the Ocean's roar.

O ! life may have its sorrows and its cares,
Yet come they but from sin to purify ;
While Death itself, the power that never spares,
Is but the soul-bark of Mortality,
Seeking a brighter shore !

THE MORAL LAW.

ALL true glory rests,
All praise of safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves,
Palmyra central in the desert, fell !
And the arts died by which they had been raised.
Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the sage shall make report
How insecure how baseless in itself,
Is that philosophy, whose sway is framed
For mere material instruments : — how weak
Those arts, and high inventions, if unproppe'd
By virtue.

WORDSWORTH.



BOOKS.

My days among the dead are past ;
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old ;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
And, while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; — with them
 I live in long-past years ;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears ;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
 My place with them will be,

And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

SOUTHEY.

ON PARTING WITH MY BOOKS.

As one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart, —
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom ! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you ; nor with fainting heart ;
For, pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore ;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more !

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity ;
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;

But love is indestructible :
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
O ! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight ?

SOUTHEY.

HYMN OF A HERMIT.

SWEET morn ! from countless cups of gold
Thou liftest reverently on high
More incense fine than earth can hold,
To fill the sky.

One interfusion wide of love—
Thine airs and odors moist descend,
And mid the azure depths above
With light they blend.

The lark, by his own carol blest,
From thy green harbors eager springs ;
And his large heart in little breast
Exulting sings.

On lands and seas, on fields and woods,
And cottage roofs, and ancient spires,
O morn! thy gaze creative broods,
While night retires.

Aloft the mountain ridges beam
Above their quiet steeps of gray;
The eastern clouds with glory stream,
And vital day.

By valleys dank and rivers brim,
Through corn-clad fields and wizard groves,
O'er dazzling tracks and hollows dim,
One spirit roves.

The broad-helmed oak-tree's endless growth,
The mossy stone that crowns the hill,
The violet's breast, to gazers loath,
In sunshine thrill.

A joy from hidden paradise
Is rippling down the shiny brooks,
With beauty like the gleams of eyes
In tenderest looks.

Where'er the vision's boundaries glance,
Existence swells with teeming power,
And all-illumined earth's expanse
Inhales the hour.

Not sands, and rocks, and seas immense,
And vapors thin and halls of air, —
Not these alone, with kindred glance,
The splendor share.

The fly his jocund round inweaves,
With choral strain the birds salute
The voiceful flocks, and nothing grieves,
And naught is mute.

In man, O morn ! a loftier good,
With conscious blessing, fills the soul, —
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

With healthful pulse, and tranquil fire,
Which plays at ease in every limb,
His thoughts unchecked to heaven aspire,
Revealed in him.

To thousand tasks of fruitful hope,
With skill against his toil, he bends,
And finds his work's determined scope
Where'er he wends.

From earth, and earthly toil and strife,
To deathless aims his love may rise ;
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With purer eyes.

Such grace from thee, O God ! be ours,
Renewed with every morning's ray,
And freshening still, with added flowers,
Each future day.

To man is given one primal star ;
The day-spring's beam has dawned below,
From thine our inmost glories are,
With thine we glow.

Like earth, awake, and warm, and bright,
With joy the spirit moves and burns ;
So up to thee, O Fount of Light !
Our light returns.

JOHN STERLING.

BOAT-SONG.

"Eripite o socii, pariterque insurgite remis."

BEND on your oars, — for the sky it is dark,
And the wind it is rising apace ;
For the waves they are white, with their crests all so bright,
And they strive as if running a race.

Tug on your oars, — for the day's on the wane,
And the twilight is deepening fast ;
For the clouds in the sky show the hurricane nigh,
As they flee from the face of the blast.

Stretch on your oars, — for the sun it is down,
And the waves are like lions in play ;
The stars they are fled, and no moon is o'erhead,
Or to point or to cheer our lone way.

Rise on your oars, — let the bright star of hope
Be seen 'mid the tempest's wild roar ;
And cheer, lads ! for we, who were born on the sea,
Have weathered such tempests before.

Rest on your oars, — for the haven is won,
And the tempest may bluster till morn ;
For the bold and the brave are now freed from the wave,
Where they late roamed so lonely and lorn.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I ASKED the heavens ; — " What foe to God had done
This unexampled deed ? " The heavens exclaim,
" 'T was man ; and we in horror snatched the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I asked the sea ; — the sea in fury boiled,
And answered with his voice of storms, — " 'T was man ;
My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."
I asked the earth ; — the earth replied aghast,
" 'T was man ; and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,
And asked him next : — *he* turned a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

MONTGOMERY.

A NORTHERN SPRING.

WINTER is past ; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms ;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green ;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden, — drift, or sky, or sun ; —
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's crest ;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue ;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould,
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.

Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky ;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves ;
The housefly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,
Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain ;
From shaded chinks of lichen-cruste'd walls,
In languid curves, the gliding serpent crawls ;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap ;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or toiling, aimless, o'er the mellowing fields,
Trail through the grass their tessellated shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooded by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays ;
O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis,
Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free ;
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose ;
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,

Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade ;
Then flash the wings returning summer calls
Through the deep arches of her forest halls ;
The bluebird breathing from his azure plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms ;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown ;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire.
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,
Repeats, *staccato*, his peremptory note ;
The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight ;
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings ; —

Why dream I here within these caging walls,
Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls ;
Peering and gazing with insatiate looks
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books ?
Off, gloomy spectres of the shrivelled past !
Fly with the leaves that filled the autumn blast !
Ye imps of Science, whose relentless chains
Lock the warm tides within these living veins,
Close your dim cavern, while its captive strays
Dazzled and giddy in the morning's blaze !

HOLMES.

MUSINGS IN THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

MAN can build nothing worthy of his Maker ; —
From royal Solomon's stupendous fane,
Down to the humble chapel of the Quaker,
All, all are vain.

The wondrous world which He himself created
Is the fit temple of creation's Lord ;
There may His worship best be celebrated,
And praises poured :

Its altar, earth ; its roof, the sky untainted ;
Sun, moon and stars, the lamps that give it light ;
And clouds, by the celestial Artist painted,
Its pictures bright :

Its choir, all vocal things, whose glad devotion
In one united hymn is heavenward sped ;
The thunder-peal, the winds, the deep-mouthed ocean,
Its organ dread !

The face of Nature its God-written Bible,
Which all mankind may study and explore,
While none can wrest, interpolate, or libel
Its living lore !

Hence learn we that our Maker, whose affection
Knows no distinction, suffers no recall,
Sheds His impartial favor and protection
Alike on all.

Thus by Divine example do we gather,
That every race should love alike all others ;
Christian, Jew, Pagan, children of one Father,
All, all are brothers !

Conscience, Heaven's silent oracle, the assessor
Of right and wrong in every human breast
Sternly condemns the impenitent transgressor
To live unblest.

The pious and the virtuous, though assaulted
By fortune's frown, or man's unjust decrees,
Still in their bosoms find a pure, exalted,
Unfailing peace !

Hence do we learn that hardened vice is hateful,
Since Heaven pursues it with avenging rod ;
While goodness, self-rewarded, must be grateful
To man and God.

O ! Thou most visible, yet unseen Teacher,
Whose finger writes its lessons on our sphere,
O ! Thou most audible, but unheard Preacher,
Whose sermons clear

Are seen and read in all that Thou performest,
Wilt Thou look down and bless, if, when I kneel
Apart from man-built fanes, I feel the warmest
And purest zeal ?

If in the temple Thine own hands have fashioned,
'Neath the bright sky, by lonely stream or wood
I pour to Thee, with thrilling heart impassioned,
My gratitude ?

If in Thy present miracles terrestrial
Mine eyes behold, wherever I have kneeled,
New proofs of the futurity celestial
To man revealed ?

If, fearing Thee, I love the whole creation,

Keeping my bosom undefiled by guilt,

Wilt Thou receive and bless mine adoration ?

Thou wilt, Thou wilt !

CHATFIELD.

MONTGOLFIER IN HIS BALLOON.

SEE on the shoreless air the intrepid Gaul

Launch the vast concave of his flying ball !

Journeying on high, the silken castle glides,

Bright as a meteor through the azure tides ;

O'er towns and towers and temples wins its way,

Or mounts sublime, and gilds the vault of day.

Silent, with upturned eyes, unbreathing crowds

Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds ;

And, flushed with transport or benumbed with fear,

Watch, as it rises, the diminished sphere.

— Now less and less, and now a speck is seen ;

And now the fleeting wrack obtrudes between ;

With bended knees, raised arms, and suppliant brows,

To every shrine they breathe their mingled vows.

“ Save him, ye saints who o'er the good preside !

Bear him, ye winds ! ye stars benignant, guide ! ”

The calm philosopher in ether sails,

Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales ;

Sees, like a map, in many a waving line,

Round earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine ;

Sees at his feet the forky lightnings glow,

And hears innocuous thunders roar below.

DARWIN.

THE YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

THE young Lochinvar is come out of the west !
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none, —
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so gallant in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the bridegroom came late ;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all ;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
“ O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”

“ I long wooed your daughter, — my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup ;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely his face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaids whispered, " 'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood
near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Loch-
invar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so gallant in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

SCOTT.

THE BELIEVER'S TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before His throne,
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo ! He beckons from on high !
Fearless to His presence fly ;
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Is thy earthly house distressed ?
Willing to retain her guest ?
'T is not thou, but she, must die ;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay !
Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
To thy heavenly crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love !
Shudder not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on Him, —
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve, —
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.
See the haven full in view !
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail !

Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade ;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore !
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes !
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death !

TOPLADY.

THE LEAP FOR LIFE.

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon ;
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone,
When little Jack, the captain's son,
With gallant hardihood,
Climbed shroud and spar, and then upon
The main-truck rose and stood !

A shudder ran through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high !
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky !
No hold had he above, below !
Alone he stood in air !
At that far height none dared to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, — but not a man could speak ! —
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck ! — He gasped,

“ O God ! thy will be done ! ”

Then suddenly a rifle grasped,

And aimed it at his son !

“ Jump, far out, boy, into the wave !

Jump, or I fire ! ” he said ;

“ That only chance your life can save !

Jump, jump, boy ! ” — He obeyed.

He sunk, — he rose, — he lived, — he moved, —

He for the ship struck out !

On board we hailed the lad beloved,

With many a manly shout ;

His father drew, in silent joy,

Those wet arms round his neck,

Then folded to his heart the boy,

And fainted on the deck.

GEO. P. MORRIS.

FAR OUT AT SEA.

FAR out at sea, — the sun was high, —

While veered the wind and flapped the sail,

We saw a snow-white butterfly

Dancing before the fitful gale,

Far out at sea.

The little stranger, who had lost

His way, of danger nothing knew, —

Settled a while upon the mast,

Then fluttered o'er the waters blue,

Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the boundless sky ;

Beneath, the boundless ocean sheen ;

Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit life in this vast scene,
Far out at sea.

Away he sped, with shimmering glee!
Dim, indistinct, — now seen, now gone;
Night comes, with wind and rain, and he
No more will dance before the morn,
Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates I've seen,
Perhaps not sooner nor worse crossed;
And he hath felt and known and seen
A larger life and hope, though lost
Far out at sea.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine, — thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,

But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief ;
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers, — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery-window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? It was. — Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return :
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived :
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned, at last, submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery-floor ;

And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
 All this, and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
 That humor interposed too often makes ;
 All this, still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so till my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may :
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),

Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart, — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no, — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed,
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort, on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise, —
The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now farewell, — Time unrevoked hath run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft, —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

NATURE'S MINISTRATIONS.

NATURE never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee ; and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind

Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; O! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations!

WORDSWORTH.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

REFLECTED in the lake, I love
To mark the star of evening glow;
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless on the wave below!

Thus heavenly hope is all serene;
But earthly hope — how bright soe'er —
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 't is fair!

REV. C. H. TOWNSHEND.

THE CHILD'S WARNING.

THERE'S bloom upon the lady's cheek,
There's brightness in her eye:
Who says the sentence is gone forth
That that fair thing must die?

Must die before the flowering lime,
Out yonder, sheds its leaf! —
Can this thing be? O human flower!
Is then thy date so brief?

Nay, nay, 't is but a passing cloud,
Thou did'st but droop awhile ;
There 's life, long years, and love and joy,
Whole ages, in that smile, —

In the gay call that to thy knee
Brings quick that loving child,
Who looks up in those laughing eyes
With his large eyes so mild.

Yet, thou art doomed, — art dying ! all
The coming hour foresee,
But, in Love's cowardice, withhold
The warning word from thee !

God keep thee and be merciful !
His strength is with the weak ;
Through babes and sucklings the Most High
Hath oft vouchsafed to speak, —

And speaketh now, " O, mother dear ! "
Murmurs the little child ;
And there is trouble in his eyes,
Those large blue eyes so mild, —

" O, mother dear ! they say that soon,
When here I seek for thee,
I shall not find thee ; nor out there,
Under the old oak-tree ;

" Nor up stairs in the nursery,
Nor anywhere, they say ; —
Where wilt thou go to, mother dear ?
O, do not go away ! "

Then was long silence, a deep hush,
And then the child's low sob :
Her quivering eyelids close, — one hand .
Keeps down the heart's quick throb.

And the lips move, though sound is none, —
That inward voice is prayer!
And hark ! "Thy will, O Lord, be done !"
And tears are trickling there,

Down that pale cheek, on that young head ;
And round her neck he clings ;
And child and mother murmur out
Unutterable things.

He half unconscious, — *she* deep-struck
With sudden solemn truth,
That numbered are her days on earth,
Her shroud prepared in youth ;

That all in life her heart holds dear
God calls her to resign, —
She hears, feels, trembles, but looks up,
And sighs, "Thy will be mine !"

MRS. SOUTHEY.

IMMORTAL HOPES.

O, WHAT were life,
Even in the warm and summer light of joy,
Without those hopes, that, like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity !
And O ! without them who could bear the storms
That fall in roaring blackness o'er the waters
Of agitated life ! Then hopes arise

All round our sinking souls, like those fair birds,
O'er whose soft plumes the tempest hath no power,
Waving their snow-white wings amid the darkness,
And wiling us, with gentle motion, on
To some calm island, on whose silvery strand
Dropping at once, they fold their silent pinions,
And, as we touch the shores of paradise,
In love and beauty walk around our feet!

WILSON.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou had'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood, —
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band,
As by the impious thou art seen,
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound, the heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

GRAY.



MAY.

I **FEEL** a newer life in every gale ; —

The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours, —
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there ;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
And the full brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

PERCIVAL.

STANZAS.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak, thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been !
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own ;
 But there I lay thee in thy grave, —
 And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me ;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking too of thee :
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As Fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore !

CHARLES WOLFE.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?

Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood, —

Some mute, inglorious Milton, — here may rest ;

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate :

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,

“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech

That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,

Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,

Along the heath, and near his favorite tree :
Another came, — nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,

Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth

A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;

Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

LIFE BEYOND THE TOMB.

SUCH is the destiny of all on earth :
 So flourishes and fades majestic Man ; —
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
 O smile, ye Heavens, serene ! Ye mildews wan,
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span.
 Borne on the swift though silent wings of Time,
 Old age comes on apace, to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
 Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn ;
 But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
 Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
 Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
 Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed ?
 Soon shall the Orient with new lustre burn,
 And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
 Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left, forgotten in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
 Shall Nature's voice, to Man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live ?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive

With disappointment, penury, and pain ?
No ! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant
reign.

BEATTIE.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth,
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth, delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young, thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

AUTUMN.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun !
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the spring.

For *that* from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In nature's struggling frame, —
Some region of impatient life ;
And jealousy and quivering strife
Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy ; while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above

The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

But list ! though winter storms be nigh,
Unchecked is that soft harmony ;
There lives Who can provide
For all his creatures ; and in Him,
Even like the radiant seraphim,
These choristers confide.

WORDSWORTH.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away ;
What is this absorbs me quite, —
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul ! can this be death ?

The world recedes, — it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring !
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.

NATURE AND HER LOVER.

I REMEMBER the time, thou roaring sea,
When thy voice was the voice of Infinity,—
A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May-flowers,
When your odors and hues in the fields and bowers
Fell on my soul as on grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,
When thy voice in the woods, to my dreaming mind,
Seemed the sigh of the earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye sun and stars,
When ye raised my soul from mortal bars,
And bore it through heaven in your golden cars.

And has it, then, vanished, that dreamful time?
Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime,
Deaf to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah, no! ah, no! amid sorrow and pain,
When the world and its facts oppress my brain,
In the world of spirit I rove, I reign.

I feel a deep and a pure delight
In the luxuries of sound and sight, —
In the opening day, in the closing night.

The voices of youth go with me still,
Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill;
In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill.

Every flower is a lover of mine,
Every star is a friend divine;
For me they blossom, for me they shine.

To give me joy the oceans roll,
They breathe their secrets to my soul,
With me they sing, with me condole.

Man cannot harm me, if he would ;
I have such friends for my every mood,
In the overflowing solitude.

Fate cannot touch me ; nothing can stir
To put disunion or hate of her
'Twixt nature and her worshipper.

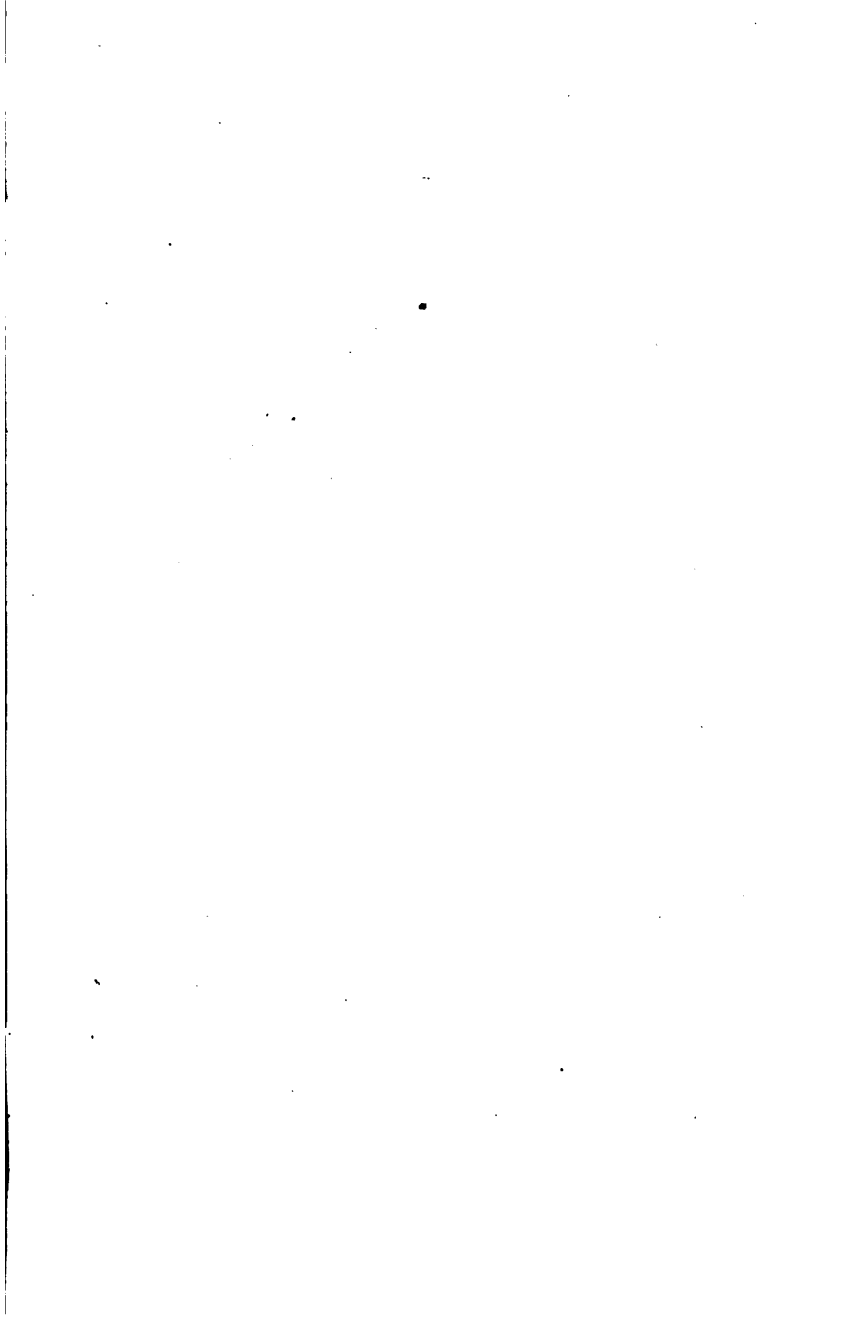
Sing to me, flowers ! preach to me, skies !
Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes !
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries !

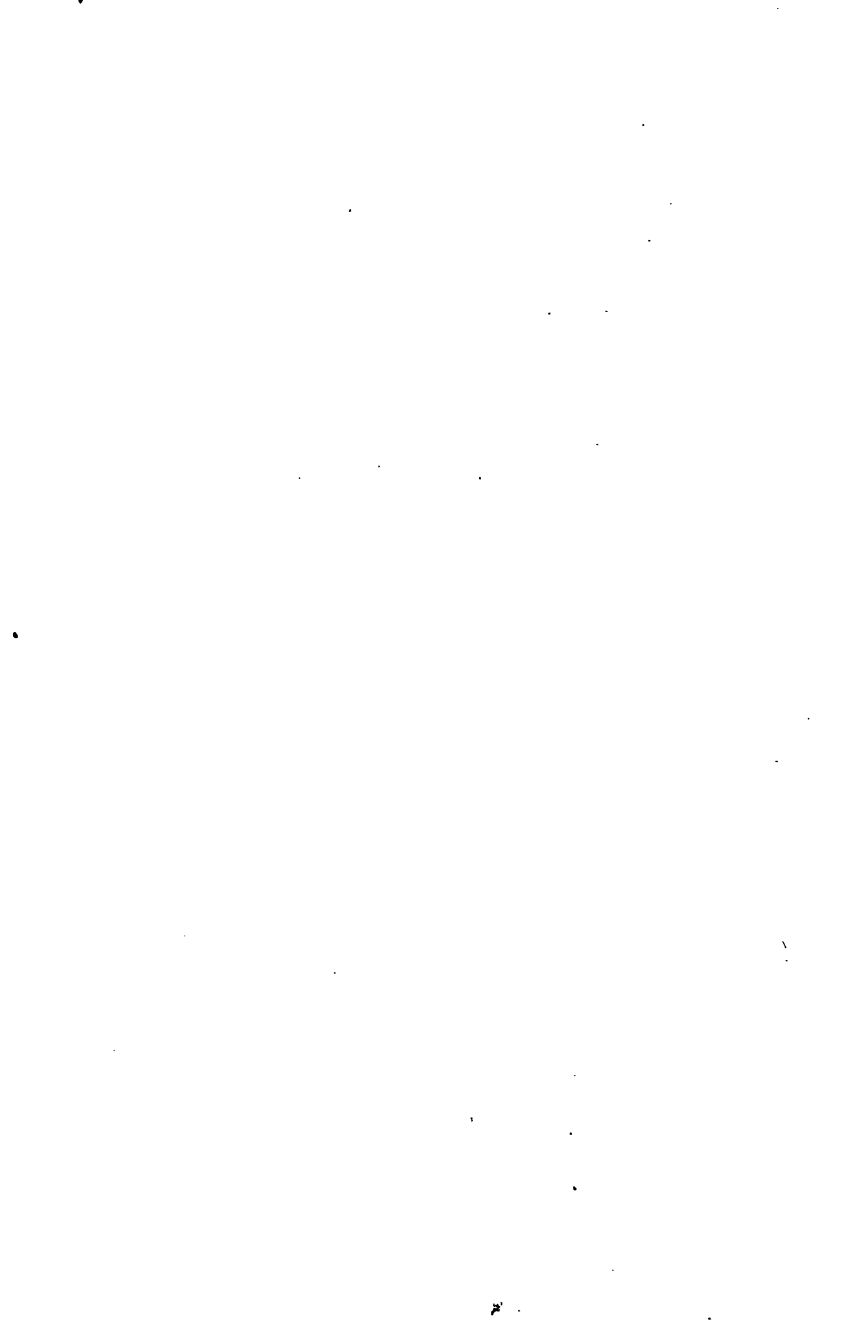
Sigh to me, winds ! ye forests, nod !
Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod !
Ye are mine — all mine — in the peace of God.

MACKAY.









co

113

